

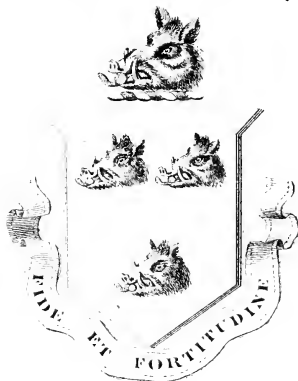
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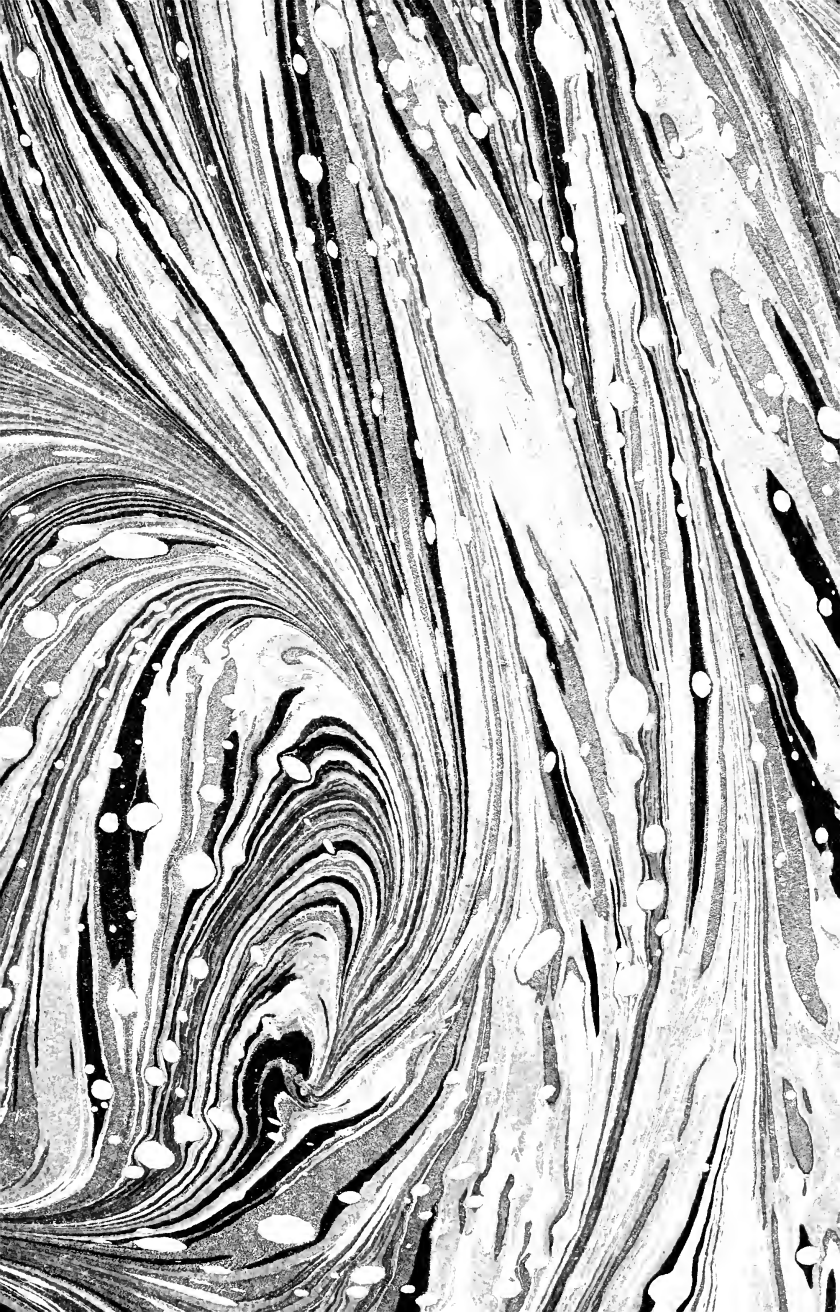


*Thomas Sewall Barton.*

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*Not to be taken from the Library!*





Hosmeers Sale, 1861, 2 vols, N<sup>o</sup> 507.  
Vol. 2.



# THE Second Part of the Iron Age

Which containeth the death of *Penthesilea, Paris*  
*Triam, and Hecuba* : The burning of *Troy* : The deaths  
of *Agamemnon, Menelaus, Clitemnestra, Hellena,*  
*Orestes, Egisthus, Pillades, King Diomed, Pyrrhus,*  
*Ceibus, Synon, Therfites, &c.*

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

*Aut prodesse solent aut Delectare.*



Printed at London by Nicholas Okes, 1632.



149,597  
May 18 92

## Drammatis personæ.

New persons not presented in the former part of  
*this History.*

*Pyrrhus* the sonne of *Achilles*,  
surnamed *Neoptolemus*.

*Synon* a periured Greeke, by  
whose teares *Troy* was set on  
fire.

*Chorebus* a Prince, who came  
to the warres for the loue of  
*Cassandra*.

*Laocoon*, a priest of *Apollo*.

*Polites*, a young sonne of King  
*Priam*, and Queene *Hecuba*.

A *Troian* Citizen, & his wife.

A second *Troian*.

Souldiers of *Greece*.

Souldiers of *Troy*.

The Ghost of *Hector*.

A Lord of *Mycena*.

A Guard.

*Penthesilea* Queene of the *A-*  
*mazons*, with her trayne of  
*Viragoes*.

*Cethus* sonne to King *Naulus*,  
and brother of *Palamides*.

*Pillades* the friend of *Orestes*.

*Orestes* sonne to King *Agamemnon*, and his Queene *Clitemnestra*.

*Electra*, sister to *Orestes*.

*Hermione* daughter to King

*Menelaus* and Q. *Helen*.

*Clitemnestra* wife and Queene  
to *Agamemnon*.

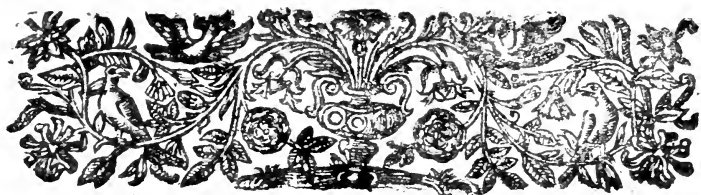
*Egistus* a favorite to Queene  
*Clitemnestra*.

The Priest of *Apollo*.

Attendants.

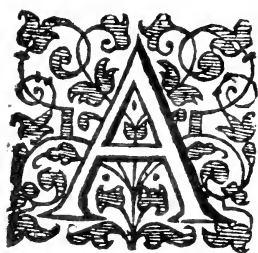






To my VVorthy and much Respected  
Friend, Mr. *Thomas Mannering*  
Esquire.

Worthy Sir,



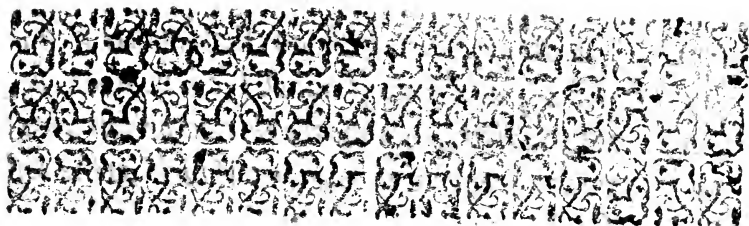
And my much respected Friend :  
The Impression of your Loue,  
after so many yeares acknow-  
ledgment, inforceth me that I  
cannot chuse, but in my best re-  
collection, to number you in  
the File and List of my best and cho ycest Well-  
wishers. True it is, that my vnable merit hath  
euer come much short of your ample acknow-  
ledgement : Howsoeuer, though you bee now  
absent in the Countrey, vppon a necessary retyre-  
ment ; yet let this witnesse in my behalfe, that you  
are not altogether vnremembered in the City :  
Nor take it vnkindly at my hands that I haue re-  
serued your name to the Carastrophe and conclu-  
sion of this Worke ; Since being *Scena nouissima*,

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

It must be consequently the fresher in memory; as you haue had euer a charitable and indulgent censure of such poore peeces of mine; as haue come accedentially vnto your view. So I intreate you now, (as one better able to iudge, then I to determine) to receiue into your fauourable patronage, this second part of the *Iron Age*. I much deceiue my selfe, if I heard you not once commend it, when you saw it Acted; if you persist in the same opinion, when you shall spare some sorted hours to heare it read, in your paynes, I shal hold my selfe much pleased: ouer remaining

Yours, not to be chang'd:

*Thomas Heywood.*



## To the Reader.



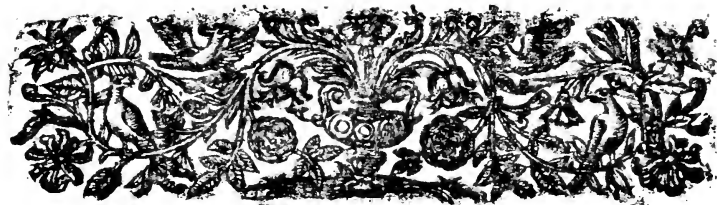
Ourteous Reader : I commend unto thee an intire History, from Iupiter and Saturne, to the vter subuersion of Troy. with a faithfull account of the Deathes of all these Princes of Greece, who had hand in the Fate thereof, (Vlisses only excepted, to whom belongeth a further History.) Reade freely, and censure fauourably. These Ages haue beene long since Writ, and suited with the Time then : I know not how they may bee receiued in this Age, where nothing but Satirica Dictaria, and Comica Scommata are now in request : For mine owne part, I neuer affected either, when they stretched to the abuse of any person publicke, or priuate. If the three former Ages (now out of Print,) bee added to these (as I am promised) to make up an handsome Volumne ; I purpose (Deo Assistentc,) to illustrate

To the Reader.

*strate the whole Works , with an Explanation of all  
the difficulties , and an Historicall Comment of euery  
hard name , which may appeare obscure or intricate to  
such as are not frequent in Poetry : Which (as the rest)  
I shall freely deuote to thy fauorable perusal , in this  
as all the rest industrious to thy pleasure and profit :*

**Thomas Heywood**

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# The second Part of the IRON AGE: With the Destruction of TROY.

*Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, Diomed,  
Thersites. Drum, Colours, Souldiers, &c.*

*Agamemnon.*

**Y**ou Terrors of the *Asian* Monarchy,  
And *Europes* glory: Warlike Lords of *Greece*:  
Although the great Prince of the *Mirmidons*,  
And arme-strong *Ajax*, our best Champions,

Be by the gods bereft vs: yet now comes

A Phoenix out of their cold ashes rising:

*Pyrhus*, surnamed *Neoptolemus*:

On whom for his deceased fathers sake,

We must bestow some honours. *Menelaus*,

*Vlisses*, *Diomed*, giue the Prince meeting,

And be his conduct to the Generall.

*flourish. Enter the Kings before named, bringing  
in Pyrhus, Synon, with attendants.*

*Aga. Pyrhus* kneele downe, we giue thee with this sword,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

It was thy fathers. In his warlike hand  
It hath cleft Troians to the nauell downe,  
Par'd heads off faster then the haruest Sithe  
Doth the thin stalkes, or bending eares of graine:  
Weare it, and draw it to reuenge his death.  
Princes, performe your seuerall ceremonies.

*Di.* These golden spurs I fasten to thine heeles,  
The same thy warlike father wonne in field,  
When *Hector* tide with thonges to his steeds fet-locks,  
Was drag'd about the high built wals of *Troy*.

*Uis.* This Armour, and this plumed Burgonet,  
In which thy father, like a rampier'd wall,  
Oppos'd the fury of his enemies,  
(By generall consent of all these Princes  
Attributed to me) I doe surrender  
To youthful *Neoptolemus*, weare it Prince,  
Not all the world yeeldes a more strong defence.

*Mene.* *Achilles* Tent, his Treasure, and his iewels,  
We haue referu'd, inioy them noble *Pyrhus*;  
And lastly his strong guard of Mirmidons,  
And with the honour hee with these haue wonne,  
His Sword, Spurs, Armour, Guard, Pauilion,  
Be by his valiant sonne much dignified.

*Pyr.* Before I touch the handle of his sword,  
Or to my Knightly spurres direct my eyes,  
Lace this rich Armour to my youthfull sides,  
Or roose mine head within this warlike Tent,  
Make prooffe of this his plumed Burgonet,  
Or take on me the leading of his Guard:  
Witnesse you Grecian Princes, what I vow:  
By *Saturnes* sonne, the sire of *Aeacus*,  
Begot on faire *Europa*; by their issue,  
The second Iudge, plac'd on the infernall bench  
I will discend to *Peleus*, and from him,  
Euen to my naturall father, with whose honoure  
I ioyne my mother *Deidamiaes*  
And in my vengetull oath include them all;

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

Till *Priam* be compel'd to shut his Gates  
For want of men: Ile be as merciesse  
As vntam'd Lyons, and the flesh-fed Beares,  
Blood shall looke brighter in young *Pyrhus* eyes  
Then dissolu'd Christall, till old *Priams* haire  
Be dy'de in goare: till *Hecub's* reuerent lockes  
Begul'd in slaughter; all their sonnes and daughters,  
Subiects, and City quite confus'd in time,  
Bow to our merciesse fury: Ie not leaue  
This blacke and fatall siege; and this I sweare  
As I am Prince, and great *Achilles* heire.

*Ag.* Euen in thy booke, I read the sack of *Troy*,  
And *Priams* Tragedy: welcome sweete *Pyrhus*,  
And welcome you his warlike followers.

*Syn.* where be these Troians? I would faine behold  
Their wing'd battalions grapple? I would see  
The batter'd center flye about their eares  
In cloudes of dust: I would haue hortes hooves  
Beate thunder out of earth: the chariot Trees  
I would see drown'd in blood, *Scamander* plaines  
Ore-spread with inrailes bak'd in blood and dust:  
With terrour I would haue this day as blacke,  
As when *Hyperion* leaping from his Spheare,  
Cast vgly daiknesse from his Chariot wheels,  
And in this vail'd confusion the faint Troians  
Beate backe into the Towne: 'de see their Gates  
Entred, and fire by their high Battlements  
Climing towards heauen: the pauiment of th' streets  
I'de see pau'd ore with faces: infants tost  
On Lances poynts: big-bellied Ladies flung  
From out their casements: I'd haue all their soules  
Set vpon wings, and *Troy*, no *Troy*, but fire,  
As if ten thousand Comets ioynd in one,  
To close the world in red confusion.

*Py.* Wel spake bold *Synon*; and my Lords of Greece,  
This fellow boasts no more then with his sword,  
Hee will aduenture for, and should that fayle,

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

He'le set his braine to worke. I tell you Princes,  
My Grandfire *Lycomedes* hath made prooffe  
Of *Synons* pollicies, state-quaking proiects  
Are hand-maides to his braine; and he hath spirit  
To driue his plots euen to the doore of Death,  
With rare effects, and then not all the world:  
Affords a villaine more incomparable,  
Then *Synon* my attendant. Warlike Princes,  
I speake this to his prayse: and I professe  
My selfe as sterne, bloody, and mercilesse.

*Ther.* I haue not heard a brauer Character  
Giuen to a Greeke: and had hee but my rayling,  
He were a man compleate.

*Syn.* Sure there is something  
Aboue a common man in yon same fellow,  
Whom nature hath so markt, and were his mind  
As crooked as his body, hee were one  
I could bee much in loue with.

*Ther.* Hee hath a feature  
That I could court, nay will: I would not loose  
His friendship and acquaintance for the world.  
Mee thinkes you are a comely Gentleman.

*Syn.* I euer held my selfe so: and mine eye  
Giues you no lesse: of all the *Grecians* here  
Thou hast a face like mine, that feares no weather.  
A shape that warre it selfe cannot deforme:  
I best loue such complexions.

*Ther.* By the gods  
Wee haue two meeting soules: be my sweete Vrchin.

*Syn.* I will,  
And thou shalt bee mine vgly Toade.

*Ther.* A match: be wee hence forth brothers and friends.

*Syn.* Imbrace then friend and brother: my deare Toade.

*Ther.* My amiable Vrchin.

*Pyr.* I long for worke, will not these Troians come,  
To welcome *Pyrbus*, great *Achilles* sonne?

*Vlyss.* Their drummes proclayme them ready for the field.



*The Second Part of the Iron Age*

Enter Priam, Paris, Penthesilea, and her traine of  
Viragoes, Æneas, Chorebus, Laocoon,  
Anthenor, &c.

*Aga.* Perhaps King *Priam* hath not yet related  
The newes of *Neoptolemus* arriue,  
That hee presumes thus, weakned as he is,  
To ope his Gates, and meeete vs in the field.

*Pyr.* Tis like hee hath, because for want of men  
Hee brings a troope of Women to the field:  
Most sure hee thinkes wee (like our warlike father)  
Will be insnar'd with beauty: *Priam* no,  
We for his death, are sworne vaine beauties foe.

*Penth.* Art thou *Achilles* sonne, beneath whose hand  
Assisted by his bloody Mirmidons,  
The valiant *Hector* fell?

*Pyr.* Woman I am.

*Penth.* Thou shouldst be then a Coward.

*Pyr.* How?

*Penth.* Euen so:

Thy father was a foe dishonourable,  
And so the world reutes him.

*Pyr.* By all the gods-----

*Pent.* Swear not, for ere the closure of the battaile,  
If both the Generals please, with my good sword,  
In single combate Ile make good my word.

*Pyr.* O that thou wert a man! but womens tongues  
Are priuiledg'd: come *Priam*, all his sonnes,  
The whole remayne of fifty, Ile make good  
My fathers honour gainst sufficient oddes.  
But for these scoulds, we leaue them to their sexe:  
What make they amongst souldiers.

*Penth.* Scorne not proud *Pyrhus*  
Our presence in the field; I tell thee Prince,  
I am a Queene, the Queene of *Amazons*,  
A warlike Nation disciplin'd in Armes.

*Pyr.* Are you those Harlots famous through the world,

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

That haue vsurpt a Kingdome to your selues,  
And pent your sweete hearts in a barren isle,  
Where your adulterate sportes are exercis'd.

*Pent.* Curbe thy irregular tong: we are those women  
That practise armes, by which we purchase fame.  
All the yeare long, onely three monethes excepted,  
Those wherein Phœbus driues his Chariot,  
In height of splendor through the burning **Cancer**,  
The fiery Lyon, and the Virgins signe:  
Then we forsake our Sun-burnt Continent,  
And in a cooler climate, sport with our men,  
And then returne - if we haue issue male,  
Wee nurse the mvp, then send them to their Fathers.  
If females, we then keepe them, and with irons  
Their right paps we seare off, with better ease  
To couch their speares, and practise feates of armes.  
We are those women, who expel'd our Land  
By *Egypt's* Tyrant: Conquered *Asia*,  
*Egypt* and *Cappadocia*: these two Ladies  
Discend from *Menelippe* and *Hyppolisa*,  
Who in *Antiope's* raigne, fought hand to hand  
With *Hercules* and *Thesem*; we are those  
That came for loue of *Hector* to the field,  
And (being murdred) to reuenge his death!

*Py.* Then welcome *Amazonians*, as I liue  
I loue you though I hate you: but beware,  
Hate will out-way my loue, and ile not spare  
Your buskind squadrons: for my fathers fall,  
Troians, and *Amazonians* perish all.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarm.* Enter *Pyrhus* and *Penthesilea*.

*Py.* Now Queene of *Amazons*, by the strong spirit  
*Achilles* left his ionne; I let thee know  
My father was an honourable Foe.

*Pent.* Defiance *Pyrhus*, ile to death proclaime,  
*Hector* was by *Achilles* basely slayne:  
And on his sonnes head, with my keene edg'd sword,  
And thundring stroaks, I will make good my word.

*Alarm*

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*Alarum.* They are both wounded, and diuided by  
the two armies, who confusedly come betwixt  
them: to *Pyrhus* enter *Agamemnon*,  
*Vlisses*, and *Menelaus*.

*Flis.* What? wounded noble *Pirhus*?

*Pyr.* Wounded? no,

I haue not met one that can raze the skinne  
Of great *Achilles* sonne.

*Aga.* Yet blood drops from your arme.

*Pyr.* Not possible!

Tis sure the blood of some slayne enemy.  
Come lets vs breake into the battailes center,  
And too't pel mel.

*Mene.* But *Neoptolemus*,

Wee prise thy safety more then all aduantage:  
Retire thy selfe to haue thy wounds bound vp.

*Pyr.* Cowards feare death,

Ile venge my blood, though with the losse of breath.  
*Alarum.* Enter *Paris*.

Art thou a mad-man fellow, that aduenturest  
So neere the blood of *Neoptolemus*,  
Whose smallest drop must coist a Troians life.

*Par.* Art thou the bleeding issue of that *Greeke*?  
I, in reuenge of noble *Hectors* death,  
Slew in *Apolloes* Temple.

*Pyr.* Art thou then

That coward and effeminate Trojan boy.

*Pa.* Arme wounded *Greek*, I slew the false *Achilles*,  
An act which I am proud of.

*Aga.* Fall on the murderer,  
And flake him smaller then the *Lybean* sand.

*Pyr.* If any but my selfe offer one blow,  
Ile on the Troians party oppose him.  
Come *Paris*, though against the odde of breath,  
*Achilles* wounded sonne, will venge his death.

*Paris is slayne by Pyrhus. A retreat sounde.*

*Enter*

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Enter then King Diomed, and Synon.

**Dio.** Why found the Troians this retreat?

**Syn.** Paris is slayne, and Penthesilea

Wounded by Pyrrhus.

**Dio.** Come then Synon

Goe with me to my Tent, this night we'll reuell

With beauteous *Cressida*.

**Syn.** Not I, I hate all women, painted beauty  
And I am opposites: I loue thee lesse  
Because thou doat'st on Troian *Cressida*.

**Dio.** She's worthy of our loue: I tell thee **Synon**,  
Shee is both constant, wise, and beautifull.

**Syn.** She's neither constant, wise, nor beautifull,  
I'll prooue it **Diomed**: foure Elements  
Meete in the structure of that *Cressida*,  
Of which there's not one pure: she's compact  
Meerely of blood, of bones and rotten flesh,  
Which makes her Leaprous, where the Sun exhales  
The moyst complexion, it doth putrifie  
The region of th'ayre: there's then another,  
Sometimes the Sunne sits muffled in his Caue,  
Whilft from the Clouds flye hideous showers of raine,  
Which sweepes the earths corruption into Brookes,  
Brookes into riuers, Riuers send their tribute,  
As they receiue it to their Soueraigne  
The seething Ocean: Thus Earth, Ayre, and Water,  
Are all infected, she then fram'd of these,  
Can she be beautifull? No **Diomed**,  
If they seeme faire, they haue the helpe of Arte,  
By nature they are vgly.

**Dio.** Leauē this detraction.

**Syn.** Now for this *Cressida*'s wisdomē, is she wise?  
Who would forsake her birth-right, her braue friend,  
The constant *Troilus*, for King **Diomed**;  
To trust the faith of Greekes, and to loue thee  
That art to Troy a profest enemy?

**Dio.** Canst thou disproue her constancy?

**Syn.**

The Second Part of the Iron Age

*Syn.* I can.

Neuer was woman constant to one man :  
For prooffe, doe thou but put into one scale  
A feather, in the other *Cressids* truth,  
The feather shall downe weigh it : *Diomed*  
Wilt thou beleue me, if I win not *Cressid*  
To be my sweete heart : yet haue no such face,  
No such proportion, to bewitch a Lady ;  
I neuer practis'd court-ship, but am blunt ;  
Nor can I file my tongue : yet if I winne not  
The most chaste woman, I will cut it out.  
Shall I make prooffe with her ?

*Enter Cressida.*

*Dio.* There shee comes,  
Affront her *Synon*, Ile with-draw vnseene.

*Syn.* A gallant Lady, who but such a villaine,  
As *Synon* would betray her : but my vowe  
Is past, for she's a Trojan. *Cressida,*

You are well incountred : whether away sweet Lady?

*Cres.* To meete with Kingly *Diomed*, and with kisses  
Conduct him to his Tent.

*Syn.* Tis kindly done :  
You loue King *Diomed* then ?

*Cres.* As mine owne life.

*Syn.* What seest thou in him that is worth thy loue?

*Cres.* He's of a faire and comely personage.

*Syn.* Personage? ha, ha.

I prithee looke on me, and view me well,  
And thou wilt find some difference.

*Cres.* True, more oddes  
Twixt him and thee, then betwixt *Mercury*  
And limping *Vulcan*.

*Syn.* Yet as fayre a blowse  
As you, sweete Lady, wedded with that Smith,  
And bedded too, a blacke complexion  
Is alwayes precious in a womans eye :  
Leaue *Diomed*, and loue me *Cressida*.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

*Cres.* Thee.

*Syn.* Mee.

*Cres.* Deformity forbear, I will to *Diomed*  
Make knowne thine insolence.

*Syn.* I care not, for I, not desire to liue,  
If not belou'd of *Cressid*: tell the King  
If hee stood by, I would not spare a word.  
For thine owne part, rare goddesse, I adore thee.  
And owe thee diuine reuerence: *Diomed*  
Indeed's *Aetolians* King, and hath a Queene.

*Cres.* A Queene?

*Syn.* A Queene, that shal hereafter question thee:  
Or canst thou thinke hee loues thee really  
Being a Troian, but for present vse:  
Can Greekes loue Troians, are they not all sworne  
To do them outrage?

*Cres.* How canst thou then loue me?

*Syn.* I am a pollitician, oathes with me  
Are but the tooles I worke with, I may breake  
An oath by my profession. Heare me further,  
Think'st thou King *Diomed*, forgets thy breach  
Of loue with *Troilus*? Ey or that he hopes  
Thou canst be constant to a second friend,  
That wast so false vnto thy first belou'd.

*Cres.* *Synon* thou art deceiu'd thou knowst I neuer  
Had left Prince *Troilus*, but by the command  
Of my old father *Calchas*.

*Syn.* Then loue *Diomed*;  
Yes, do so still, but *Cressid* marke the end,  
If euer hee transport thee to *Aetolia*,  
His Queene wil bid thee welcome with a vengeance:  
Hast thou more eyes then these? she'le fal to work,  
For such an other Vixen thou nere knewest,  
Come *Cressida* bee wise.

*Cres.* What shall I doe?

*Syn.* Loue me, loue *Synon*.

*Cres.* *Synon* loues not mee.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

*Syn.* Ile sweare I do.

*Cres.* I heard thee say, that thou wouldst breake thine oath.

*Syn.* Then Ile not sweare, because I will not breake it:

But yet I loue thee *Cressida*, loue mee,  
Ile leaue the warres vnfinisht, Troy vnfactt;  
And to my natine Country beare thee hence:  
Nay wench Ile do't; come kisse me *Cressida*.

*Cres.* Well, you may vse your pleasure;  
But good *Synon* keep this from *Diomed*.

*Enter King Diomed.*

*Dio.* Oh periured strumpet,  
Is this thy faith? now *Synon* Ile beleue  
There is no truth in women.

*Cres.* Am I betrayed? oh thou base vgly villaine,  
Ile pull thine eyes out.

*Syn.* Ha, ha, King *Diomed*,  
Dsd I not tell thee what thy sweet heart was.

*Cres.* Thou art a Traytor to all woman kinde.

*Syn.* I am, and nought more grieues me then to  
Thinke, a woman was my mother.

*Cres.* A villaine.

*Syn.* Right.

*Cres.* A Diuell.

*Syn.* Little better.

*Dio.* Go get you backe to Troy, away, begon.  
You shall no more be my Companion.

*Syn.* And now faire Troian Weather-hen adew;  
And when thou next louest, thinke to be more true! *Exit.*

*Cres.* Oh all you powers, aboue looke downe and see,  
How I am punisht for my periury.

Alarum. *Enter Penthesilea with her  
Amazonians.*

*Penth.* Stay, what sad Lady's this? whence are you woman?  
Of Troy or Greece?

*Cres.* I was of Troy till loue drew me from thence,  
But since haue sojourn'd in the Tents of Greece,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

With *Diomed* King of *Etolin* :

Oh had I neuer knowne him.

*Pent.* Would you trust

You honour amongst strangers ? but sweete *Lady*  
Discourse your wrongs.

*Cres.* I was betray'd :

It shames mee to relate the circumstance,  
By a false Greeke, one that doth hate our sexe,  
One *Synon*, if you meete him in the battaile,  
I with my teares intreate you be reueng'd.

*Pent.* How might wee know him ?

*Cres.* His visage swart, and earthy ore his shoulder  
Hangs lockes of hayre, blacke as the *Rauens* plumes :  
His eyes downe looking, you shall hardly see  
One in whose shape appeares more treachery.

*Pent.* We loose much time : *Lady* hast you to *Troy*;  
And if we meete a fellow in the battaile  
Of your description, by our honor'd names,  
We'll haue his blood to recompence our shames.

Alarum. Enter *Thersites*.

*Amaz.* By her description this should be the man.

*Ther.* Compass with sinockes and long coates:  
Now you whoores.

*Pent.* Is thy name *Synon* ?

*Ther.* No, but I know *Synon*.  
Hee is my friend and brother.

*Amaz.* For *Synons* sake, prepare thy selfe for slaughter.

Enter *Synon*.

*Syn.* Ho, who names *Synon* ?

*Ther.* Brother thou nere couldst come in better time:  
See, see, how I am rounded.

*Pent.* Were euer such a payre of *Diuels* seene ?  
They are so like, they needes must bee allied.

*Syn.* What can their *Dammes* say to vs ?

*Pent.* You betray *Ladies*, enuy all our sexe,  
And that you now shall pay for, girt him round.

*Syn.* I recant nothing, backe me sweete fac'd brother.

And



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And now you witches, varlets, drabes, and queanes,  
We'le cut you all to fragments.

*Alarum. Synon and herfites beaten off by the Amazon.*

*Pyrhus enters, fights with Penthesilea, after this  
a retreat sounded, then enters Menelaus,*

*Agamemnon, Vlisses, Diomed.*

*Aga.* The Troians found retreat.

*Vliss.* Who saw young *Pyrhus*?

*Mene.* I feare his too much rage hath spur'd him on  
Too farre amongst the *Amazonian* troopes.

*Enter Synon and Therfites.*

*Syn.* Why stand you idle here, and let the Troians  
Lead warlike *Pyrhus* prisoner to the Towne.

*Agam.* How *Pyrhus* prisoner?

*Ther.* Wee saw him compass by the *Amazons*:

*Penthesilea* with her bustain troopes

Layd load vpon his Helme.

*Vliss.* Then this retreat

Vpon the suddaine argues that they lead him

Captiue to *Troy*.

*Enter Pyrhus.*

*Pyr.* Courage braue Princes, I haue got a prise

Worthy the purchase, on my Launces poynnt

Sits pearcht the *Amazonians* lopt off head,

Vpon my warlike sword her bleeding arme,

At sight of which the Troians found retreat:

The honour of this day belongs to vs.

*Omnes.* To none but *Neoptolemus*.

*Pyr.* *Synon* you play'd the coward: so *Therfites*:

*Ther.* If not so.

I had not liu'd to see *Troyes* ouerthrow.

*Syn.* When didst thou euer see a villaine valiant?

What's past remember not, but what's to come:

*Priam* hath shut his Gates, and will no more

Meete him in armes: can you with all your valour

Glide through the wals, if not what are you neerer

For all your Ten yeares siege?

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

*Pyr.* Tis true, some stratagem to enter *Troy*  
Were admirable: for Princes till I see  
The Templeburne wherein my father dyde,  
And *Troy* no *Troy* but ashes; my reuenge  
Will haue no sterne aspect, till I behold  
*Troyes* ground-fils swim in pooles of crimson gore,  
*Ramnusia's* Alter filld with flowing helmes  
Of blood and braines: *Priam* and *Hecuba*  
Drag'd by this hand to death, and this my sword  
Rauith the brest of faire *Polixena*,  
I shall not thinke my fathers death reueng'd.

*Aga.* To him that can contriue  
A stratagem by which to enter *Troy*,  
Ile giue the whole spoile of *Apolloes* Temple.

*Mene.* I my rich Tent.

*Ulis.* I the Palladium that I brought from *Troy*.

*Dio.* I all my birth-right in *Etolia*.

*Syn.* Peace, tis here: I ha't.

*Pyr.* Ile hugge thee *Synon*.

*Syn.* Touch me not, away:

There're more hammers beating in my braine  
Then euer toucht *Vulcans* Anuile, more Ideas  
Then Attomes, Embrions innumerable,  
Growing to perfect shape; and now 'tis good.  
Call for *Endimions* bastard, where's *Epeus*?  
Ile set him straight a worke.

*Pyr.* Vpon some Engine *Synon*.

*Syn.* A horse, a horse.

*Pyr.* Ten Kingdomes for a horse to enter *Troy*.

*Syn.* Stay, let me see:

*Ulis.* you haue the Palladium.

*Ulis.* I haue so.

*Syn.* Call for *Epeus* then, the Generall  
Hath no command in him.

*Agam.* Lets know the proiect.

*Syn.* And that Palladium stood in *Pallas* Temple,  
And Consecrate to her.

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*Vlis.* It did so.

*Syn.* Call for *Epeus* then.

*Pyr.* Lets heare what thou intendest.

*Syn.* Ile haue an Horse built with so huge a bulke,  
As shall contayne a thousand men in Armes.

*Pyr.* And enter *Troy* with that?

*Syn.* Doo't you, you trouble mine inuention,  
I am growne muddy with your interruption :  
Good young man lend more patience, heare me out :  
This Engine fram'd, and stuf't with armed Greekes.  
(Will you take downe your Tents, march backe to *Tenedos*?)

*Pyr.* What shall the Horse doe then ?

*Syn.* Not gallop as your tongue doth : good *Vlisses*,  
Lend me your apprehension ; when the Troians  
Finde you are gone aboard, theyle straight suppose  
You'l not weigh Anchor : till the gods informe you  
Of your successe at Sea : if then a villaine  
Can driue into their eares, the goddesse *Pallas*  
Offended for her stolne Palladium :

(Will you erect this Machine to her honour?)

Withall that were it brought into her Temple,

It would retayne the gilt Palladiums vertue.

Might not the forged tale moue aged *Priam*,

To hale this Engine presently to *Troy*,

Pull downe his wals for entrance, leaue a breach

Where in the dead of night, all your whole Army

May enter, take them sleeping in their beds,

And put them all to sword.

*Agam.* Tis rare !

*Pyr.* Tis admirable, I will aduenture  
My person in the Horse.

*Syn.* Do so, and get a thousand spirits more.

King *Agamemnon*, if you like the proiect,

Downe with your Tent.

*Agam. Synon*, wee will,

*Syn.* Ile set a light vpon the wals of *Troy*  
Shall giue the summons when you shall returne.

## The Second Part of the Iron Age.

About it Princes : *Pyrhus* get you men  
In readiaesse, I will expose my selfe  
To bewitch *Priams* with a weeping tale,  
I cannot to the life describe in words,  
What Ile expresse in action.

*Agam.* Downe with our Tents.

*Pyr.* Ile to picke out bold *Greeks* to fill the horfes:  
Shine bright you lampes of Heauen, for ere't be long  
We'le dim your radiant beames with flaming lights  
And bloody meteors, from *Troyes* burning streetes.

*Syn.* Such sights are glorious sparks in *Synons* eies,  
Who longs to feast the Diuell with Tragedies.

*Explicit Actus primus.*

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## *Actus Secundus : Scœna prima.*

*Enter Aeneas, and Chorcus.*

*Aeneas.* The *Grecians* gone ?

*Cho.* All their tents rais'd, their ten yeares siege remoou'd;  
Now *Troy* may rest securely.

*Aene.* They may report at their returne to *Greece*  
The welcome they haue had : what haue they woune ?  
But wounds, Times losse, shame, and confussion,

*Enter K. Priam, Anthenor, young Polytes, Polixena,  
Hecuba, and Hellen, with attendance.*

*Pri.* We now are Lord of our owne Territories,  
Ten yeares kept from vs by th' inuading *Greekes* :  
Now wee may freely take a full suruey  
Of all *Scamander* plaine, drunke with the mixture  
Of th' opposite bloods of *Troians* and of *Greekes*.

*Hecub.* And royall Husband we haue cause to ioy,  
That after so long siege the *Greekes* are fled,  
And you in peace may rest your aged head.

*Aene.*

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*Ane.* Vpon this East-side stood *Vlisses* Tent,  
The polliticke Greeke.

*Cho.* There was old *Nestors* quarter,  
And *Agamemmons* that ; the Generall.

*Pria.* Vpon the north-side of the field, *Achilles*  
That bloody Greeke pitcht, and vpon this plaine,  
I well remember, was my *Hector* slayne.

*Hel.* This empty place being South from all the rest,  
The valiant *Diomed* hath oft made good,  
And here, euen here, his rich Pauillion stood.

*Hecub.* But here, euen here, neere to Duke *Ajax* tent,  
Round girt with Mirmidons, my *Troilus* fell.

*Cho.* Then was this place a standing Lake of blood,  
Part of which moysture the bright Suane exhald ;  
And part the thirsty earth hath quast to *Mars* :  
But now the swords on eyther part are sheath'd,  
And after ten yeares tumults warres surcease,  
They laying their ships home with shamefull peace.

*Pria.* For which we'le prayse the gods, banquet and feast,  
Since by their flight, our glorious fame's increast.

*The Horse is discovered.*

*Ane.* Soft, what huge Engine's that left on the strand,  
That beares the shape and figure of an Horse.

*Cho.* What, shal we hew it peace-meale with our swords?

*Pria.* Oh be not rash, sure tis some mistery  
That this great Architecture doth include.

*Cho.* But mine opinion is, this Steedes huge bulke  
Is stult with Greekish guile.

*Ane.* I rather thinke  
It is some monumentall Edifice  
Vnto the goddesse *Pallas* consecrate :  
Then spare your fury.

*Enter Laocoon with a Iauelin:*

*Lao.* Why stand you gazing at this horrid craft,  
Forg'd by the sly *Vlisses*, is his braine

*The Second part of the Iron Age.*

Vnknowne in Troy? or can you looke for safety  
From those who ten yeares haue besieg'd your wals?  
Either this huge swolne bulke is big wih souldiers,  
Longing to be deliuer'd of arm'd Greekes,  
Whose monstrous fatall and abhorred birth,  
Will be *Troyes* ruine: else this hill of timber  
This horse-like structure stabled vp in Troy,  
Wil spurne down these our wals, our towers demolish.  
Which it shall neuer: come you Troian youth  
That loue the publicke safety, no proud Greeke  
Vpon this Steedes backe, o're *Troyes* wall shall ride.  
First with this Iauelin Ile transpearce his side.

*Pria.* What meanes *Laocoon*?

*Ane.* Princes stay his fury.

*Lao.* Harke Troians, if a iarring noyse of Armes,  
Sighed not throw these deep Cauernes, I devine  
This gluttonous wombe hath swallowed a whole band  
Of men in steele, then with your swords and glaues  
Rip vp his tough sides, and imbowell him,  
That we may prooue how they haue lin'd his intrailles.

*Enter two souldiers bringing in SYNON  
bound.*

*Soul.* Stay, and proceed, no further in your rage,  
Till we haue learnt some nouell from this Greeke,  
Whom in a ditch we found fast giu'd and bound.

*Pria.* *Laocoon* cease thy violence till we know  
From that poore Grecian, what that Machine meanes.

*Syn.* Oh me, (of all on earth most miserable,)  
Whom neither Heauens will succour, earth preserue,  
Nor seas keepe safe, I, whom the Heauens dispise,  
The Earth abandnos, and the Seas disdaine:  
Where shal I shroud me? whom, but now the Greekes  
Threatned with vengeance; and escap'd from them,  
Falne now into the hands of Troians, menacing death:  
The world affords no place, to wretched *Synon*,  
Of comfort, for where ere I Axe my foote,

*I tread*

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

I tread vpon my graue : the foure vast corners  
Of this large Vniuerse, in all their roomes  
And spacious emptinesse, will not affoord me  
My bodies length of rest : where ere I flye,  
Or stay, or turne, Death's th' object of mine eye?

*Pria.* What art thou? or whence com'st thou? briefly speake?  
Thou wretched man, thou mou'st vs with thy teares :  
Vnbind him souldiers.

*Syn.* Shall I deny my selfe to be of Greece?  
Because I am brought Captiue into Troy?  
No *Synon* cannot lye : Heauen, Earth, and Sea,  
From all which I am out-cast, witnesse with me  
That *Synon* cannot lye : thrice damn'd *Vlisses*,  
The black-hair'd *Tyrhus*, and horned *Menelaus*  
Crook-back'd *Thersites*, luxurious *Di med*,  
And all the rable of detested Greekes,  
I call to witnesse, *Synon* cannot lye.  
Could I haue oyl'd my tongue, and cring'd my ham,  
Suppled mine humble knee to crouch and bend,  
Heau'd at my bonnet, shrugg'd my shoulders thus,  
Grin'd in their faces, *Synon* then had stood,  
Whom now this houre must stue in his own blood.

*Ane.* He perfect image of a wretched creature,  
His speeches begge remorse.

*Pria.* Alas good man,  
Shake off the timorous feare of seruile death,  
Though 'mongst vs Troians, and thy selfe a Greeke,  
Thou art not now amongst thine enemies,  
Thy life Ile warrant, onely let vs know  
What this Horse means.

*Syn.* Greece I renounce thee, thou hast throwne me off,  
Faire Troy I am thy creature. Now Ile vnrip  
*Vlisses* craft, my fatall enemy,  
Who sold to death the Duke *Palamides*,  
My Kinsman Troians (though in garments torne)  
*Synon* stands here, yet is he nobly borne:  
For that knowne murder did I haint his Teat

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

With rayling menaces, horrible exclames,  
Many a blacke-saint, of wishes, oathes, and curses  
Haue I sung at his window, then demanding  
Iustice of *Agamemnon, Diomed,*  
Duke *Nestor* with the other Lords of *Greece,*  
For murder of the Prince *Palamides,*  
And being denide it in my most vexation,  
My bitter tongue spar'd not to barke at them:  
For this I was obseru'd, lookt through and through.  
*Ulissee* braine had markt me, for my tongue  
And fatted me for death by *Calchas* meanes,  
He wrought so farre that I should haue bin offered  
Vnto the gods for sacrifice, the Priest  
Lifting his hand aloft to strike me dead,  
I lept downe from the Altar, and so fled,  
Pursuite and searck was made, but I lay safe  
In a thicke tuft of sedge, till I was found  
By these your souldiers, who thus brought me bound.

*Pria.* Thou now art free secur'd from all their tyranny.  
Now tell vs what's the meaning of this Horse?

Why haue they left him here, themselues being gon?

*Syn.* My new releas'd hands, thus I heaue on hye,  
Witnesse you gods, that *Synon* cannot lye.

But as a new adopted Trojan now  
By *Prims* grace; I here protest by *Ioue,*  
By these eternall fires that spangle Heauen,  
The Alter, and that sacrificing sword,  
Beneath whose stroake I lay, since my base Country  
Casts me away to death, I am now borne  
A sonne of *Troy*: not *Hector* whilst he liu'd  
More dammag'd *Greece* by his all wounding arme,  
Then I by my discouery: Well, you know  
How the Greekes honour *Pallas*, who inecast  
Because *Ulissee* the Palladium stole  
Out of her Temple, and her Warders flew,  
In rage she threatned ruine to all *Greece*:  
Therefore to her hath *Calchas* built this Horse:



*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*¶* Greece pardon me, and all my Countrey gods  
Be deafe to *Synons* tale, and let it bee  
Henceforth forgot that I was borne in Greece,  
Least times to come record what I reuale,  
*¶* The blacke confusion of my Natiue weale.

*Priam.* And what's that *Synon*?

*Syn.* Where left I? at the Horse, built of that size,  
Least you should giue it entrance at your Gates:  
For know should your rude hands dare to prophan  
This gift sacred to *Pallas*: Rots and diseases,  
Pests and infections shall depopulate you,  
And in a small short season, they returning,  
Shal see thy subiects slain, faire *Troy* bright burning,  
I'm euen with thee *Vlisses*, and my breath  
Strikes all Greece home for my intended death.

*Pria.* Thankes *Synon*, we shall bounteously reward thee.

*Anc.* And see my Leige, to make good his report,  
*Laocoon*, he that with his Iauelin pierst  
This gift of *Pallas*, round embrac'd with Snakes,  
That winde their traines about his wounded wast,  
And for his late presumption sting him dead.

*Pria.* We haue not seene so strange a prodigy,  
*Laocoon* hath offended all the gods,  
In his prophane attempt.

*Syn.* Then lend your helping hands,  
To lift vp that Pallad an monument  
Into *Troyes* City: Leauers, Cables, Cords:

*Cho.* It cannot enter through the City Gates.

*Syn.* Downe with the wals then.

*Cho.* These wals that ten yeares haue defended *Troy*,  
For all their seruice shall wee ruine them.

*Syn.* But this shall not defend you for ten yeares,  
But make your Towne impregnable for euer.

*Pria.* Downe with the wals then, each man lend a hand.

*Cho.* I heare a noyse of Armour.

*Anc.* Ha, what's that?

*Cho.* I feare some treason in that Horse inclosed:

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

Nor will I lend an hand to hale him in.

*Omnes.* Downe with the Wals.

*Aene.* And Troians now after your ten years toile,  
Dayes battailes, the fields trouble, and nights watch,  
This is the first of all your rest, feast, banquet, ioy and play,  
*Pallas* is ours, the Greekes say'd hence away.

*Pria.* Here we release all Centries and commit  
Our broken wals to her Celestiall guard:  
We will reward thee *Synon*, the Greekes gone,  
*Priam* may rest his age, in his soft throne. *Exe.*

*Syn.* S; so, so,

*Synon* I hope shall warme his hands anon,  
At a bright goodly bone-fire: Here's the Key  
Vnto this Machine by *Epeus* built,  
Which hath already with his brazen brest,  
Tilt ed *Troes* wall downe, and anon being drunke  
With the best blood of Greece, in dead of night  
Hauing surcharg'd his stomacke, will spew out  
A thousand men in Armes: sweet mid-night come,  
I long to maske me in thy fable Wings,  
That I may do some mischief and blacke deedes:  
We shall haue rare sport, admirable spoyle,  
Cutting of throats, with stabbing, wounding, killing  
Some dead a sleep, and some halfe sleep, halfe wake:  
Some dancing Antickes in their bloody shirts,  
To which their wiues cries, & their infants shreeks,  
Play musicke, braue mirth, pleasing harmony:  
Then hauing spitt young children on our speares,  
We'le rost them at the scorching flames of *Troy*:  
Flye swift you winged minutes till you catch  
That long-wisht houre of stilnes: in which *Troy*  
Sleeps her last sleep, made drunk with wine and ioy.  
In the receiuing of this fatall Steede,  
Sicke *Troy* this day hath swallowed such a pill,  
Shall search her intrayles, and her liues blood spill. *Exit.*

*Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, with souldiers in a  
soft march, without noise.*

*Agam.*

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*Aga.* Soft, soft, and let your stilnesse suite with night,  
Faire *Thebe* keepe thy siluer splendor in,  
And be not seene to night.

*Mene.* Were *Rhebe* in my case,  
She soone would blush to show her horned face.

*Vliss.* We would not haue a starre cast it's cleare eye  
On our darke enterprise: too fast: so, still.

Here Ambush, till you see the flaming Torch,

*Synon* this night vpon the wals of *Troy*,

Will toss about his eares, as a true signall,

The great *Epean* structure is receiu'd,

And we may find safe entrance by the breach.

*Aga.* A stand, the word through all the Regiment.

*Mene.* A stand.

*Enter Synon with a torch aboue.*

*Syn.* Thy euerlasting sleepe, sleepe carelesse *Troy*,

This horrid night buried in Wine and mirth,

This fatall Horse spur'd by the braine of *Synon*,

Hath lept ore *Troys* high bulwarks, great with *Greeks*,

Foure times in rayfing vp the monument,

A shaking sound of Armour harshly iar'd

In all the Princes eares, and had they not

Beene druck in *Synons* teares, they'd found our guile.

It is now mid-night. The blacke darknesse false,

And rould o're all the world, as well the Poles,

As the great Ocean, and the earth: now's the time

For tragicke slaughter, clad in gules and fables,

To spring out of Hels iawes, and play strang reakes

In sleepey *Troy*, this bright and flaming brand

Which I so often giue about mine eares,

Is signall for the Armies quicke returne,

And make proud *Istum* like my bright torch burne,

Winke all you eyes of Heauen, or you shall be

Blood-shot to view *Troyes* dismall Tragedy. *Exit!*

*Aga.* The signals on the wal: forward braue souldiers,  
The Horse is entred, *Synons* Tale beleen'd.

*The Second Part of the Iron Age*

And wee this night shall see the sacke of Troy.

*Men.* March on then, the black darknes couers vs,  
And we without suspition easily may  
Disperse our selues about these high built wals:

*Vlis.* Now with a soft march enter at this breack  
But giue no token of a loud Alarme,  
Till we haue met with *Pyrhus* and the rest,  
Whom the Steedes bulke includes.

*They march softly in at one doore, and presently  
in at another. Enter Synon with a stealing pace,  
holding the key in his hand.*

*Syn.* Soft, soft, ey so, hereafter Ages tell,  
How *Synons* key vnlockt the gates of Hell.

*Pyrhus, Diomed, and the rest, leape from out the  
Horse. And as if groping in the darke, meete with  
Agamemnon and the rest: who after knowledge im-  
brace.*

*Pyrhus.* The Generall?

*Agam.* *Pyrhus*?

*Dio.* *Menelaus*?

*Mene.* *Diomed*?

*Ther.* My Vrchin?

*Syn.* What my Toade?

*Pyr.* Well met in Troy great Lords!

*Vlis.* Where are wee now?

*Sy.* In the high street, nere to the Church of *Pallas*,  
And this you pass, the gate cal'd *Dardanus*.

*Pyr.* Then here begins *Troyes* fatall tragedy:  
Princes of Greece, at once vnsheath your swords,  
And heare protest with *Neoptolemus*,  
By our fore-father *Peleus*, grandam *Thetis*,  
The Emperious goddesse of the Sea, that made  
*Achilles*, faue in th' heele, invulnerable,  
And by my father great *Aeacides*,  
His glorious name, his Armour which I weare,

*The Second Part of the Iliad*

His bloody wounds, and his blacke sepulchre;  
I here abiure all respice, mercy, sleepe,  
Vntill this Cittie be a place confus'd:  
This murall girdle that begirts it round  
A Cawsey for the *Greekes* to trample on,  
The place a stone-heape swimming in an Ocean  
Of *Troian* blood, which shall from farre appeare  
Like an high Rocke in the red Sea.

*Syn.* A braue show,  
To see full Boates in blood of *Troians* rowe,  
And the poore labouring Snakes with armes spread swimme  
In luke-warme blood of their allyes and kin.

*Men.* Whence must this Ocean flowe?  
From thousand Springs  
Of gentle and ignoble, base and Kings?

*Pyr.* Set on then, none retire;  
Waue in the one hand Steele, in the other fire.  
Loude Drummes and Trumpets ring *Troyes* fatall peales  
That now lyes drawing on, the word be vengeance,  
Alarum, at that watch-word fire, and kill,  
And wide-mouth'd *Orchus* with whole legions fill.

*Aloude Alarum. Enter a Troian in his night-  
gowne all unready.*

*Tro.* T'was an alarum sure that frighted mee  
In my dead sleepe, 'twas neare the *Dardan* port:  
*Ioue* grant that all be well.

*Enter his wife as from bed:*

*Wife.* Oh Heauen! what tumult's this  
That hurryes through the fatall streetes of *Troy*?  
I feare some treason.

*Tro.* Stay Wife, lay thine eare  
Vnto the ground and list, if we can gather  
Of what condition this strange vproare is  
That riots at this late vnseasoned houre?  
Sure 'tis the noise of war, whence should it grow?  
The *Greekes* are say'd hence, *Troy* needes feare no foe.

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*Wife.* The horrid stirre comes on this way towards vs.  
*Troi.* Oh whither shall we turne?

*A great cry within. Alarum; Enter Pyrrhus with the rest  
their weapons draw and torches.*

*Wife.* Oh saue mee husband.

*Troi.* Succour me deere wife.

*Omnes.* Vengeance for Greece and Neoptolemus!

*Pyr.* So flye the word along, dye old and young,  
Mourne Troy in ashes for Achilles losse,  
Steele in one hand, in th'other fire-brands tosse.

*Exeunt!*

*Enter Chorebus at one doore, at another Æneas with  
their weapons drawne.*

*Cho.* This horrid clamour that hath cal'd mee vp  
From my deepe rest, much, much amazeth mee;  
Tis on the right hand, now vpon the left,  
It goes before me and it followes mee:  
Oh *Ioue* expound the meaning of this horreur  
Which the darke mid-night makes more terrible.

*Æne.* this streete is cleare, but now I climb'd a Turret,  
And I might well discernel alse Troy in fire,  
And by the flame the burnisht Helms glister  
Of men in Armes, whence *Ioue Olympicke* knowes.

*Enter a second Troian.*

1. *Tro.* Where shall I hide me? Treason, Troyes betray'd;  
The fatall horse was full of armed Greekes.

*Chore.* Of Greekes? damn'd Synon.

2. *Tro.* Prince *Chorebus* fly,  
Fly great *Æneas*.

*Cho.* Which way? where? or how?  
Are we not rounded with a quick-set hedge  
Of pointed steele? are not the gates possest  
And strongly man'd with Greekes? death euery where,  
Then whither should we flye?

*Æne.* Into the throng.  
Where blowes are dealt, where our inflamed Turrets

Burne

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

Burne with most fury.

*Cho.* Nobly speakes *Aeneas*.

*Aeneas.* Then whither flames, and furies, shrieks and clamors,  
Death, danger, and the devils hurry vs,  
Thither will we : follow where I shall lead,  
Thousands shall fall by vs ere we be dead.

*Enter Therſites with other Greekes.*

*Ther.* Charge on these naked Troians, and cry thus,  
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*.

*Cho.* Charge on these armed Grecians, and thus cry,  
We may yet liue to see ten thousand dye.

*They charge the Greekes and kill them, Therſites runs away.*

*Cho.* Well fought braue spirits in our vtter ruine,  
We are Conquerours yet : let's don these Greekish habits,  
And mixe our selues amongst their Armed ranks;  
So vnexpected murder all we meete :

The darkenesse will assist our enterpriſe.

These Greekish Armes this night by Troians worne  
Shall to the fall of many Grecians turne.

*Enter all the Greekes.*

*Omnes.* Burne fire, and kill, as you wound cry thus,  
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Aeneas followed by Hectors ghost*

*Aeneas.* What art thou that with such a grim aspect,  
In this black night so darke and turbulent,  
Haunts me in euery corner of my house  
Which yet burnes o're mine eares ?

*Hector.* Doeſt thou not know me ?

Or can *Aeneas* so forget his friend ?

This facedid fright *Achilles* in the field,

And when I shooke these lockes, now knotted all,  
As bak't in blood; all *Greece* hath quak't and trembled.

Looke on mine Heeles, and thou maist see those thong;

By which so often I was dragg'd 'bout *Troy*,

My body made an vnuerfall wound

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

By the vnnumbred hands of *Mirmidons*,  
This th'hand that tost so many wild-fire balls  
Into the *Argine* fleete, and this the body  
That deck't in *Aiax* and *Actilles* spoyles  
Ridde from the fields triumphant thorow *Troy*.

*Ane.* Prince *Hector*?

*Hect.* Hence *Aeneas* post from *Troy*,  
Reare that abroad the gods at home destroy.  
The Citty burnes, *Priam* and *Priams* glory  
Is all expir'd, and tumbled headlong downe:  
*Cassandraes* long neglected prophesies  
This night fulfils. If either strength or might  
Could haue protected *Troy*, this hand, this arme,  
That saw'd it off, had kept it still from harme.  
But *Troy* is doom'd, here gins the fatall Story  
Of her sad sacke and fall of all her glory.  
Away, and beare thy COUNTRY gods along,  
Thousands shall issue from thy sacred seede,  
Citties more rich then this the *Crecian* spoyle,  
In after times shall thy successors build,  
Where *Hectors* name shall liue eternally.  
One *Fomulus*, another *Braute* shall reare,  
These shall nor Honours, nor iust Rectors want,  
*Lumbardies* roome, great Britaines *Troy-nouant*.  
*Henfuge nate Dea, teq; his pater eripe flammis;*  
*Hostis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine Troia*  
*Sacra, suosq; tibi commendat Troia penates*  
*Hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quare.*  
*Magna: pererrato statues qua denique pax.*

*Exit.*

*Ane.* Soft lie thy bones and sweetly may they rest.  
Thou wonder of all worthyes, but *Troy* burnes:  
Thousands of *Troian* Cories blocke the streetes,  
Some flying fall, and some their killers kill:  
Where shall I meete thee death? before I flye,  
Some Conquerours yet, shall brauely conquered die.

*Exit.*

Explicit Actus secundus.

*Actus*



*The Second Part of the Iron Age*

*Actus Secundus : Scœna prima.*

*Enter Priam in his night-gowne and slippers, after him Hecuba, Hellena, Andromache, Heliœna, Cassandra, Polyxena, Polites, Astianax.* *An Alarm.*

*All La.* Oh helpe vs father *Priam*, Oh the *Greeks*.

*Pri.* I haue done more then age would suffer me  
They haue tilted mafts against my Pallace gates,  
And burst them open.

*All La.* Oh father *Priam*, whether shall we flye ?

*Pri.* We are incompart round with sword & fire,  
'Las Daughters, 'las my young *Astianax*.

*All La.* Oh heauen, they come, where may we hide vs safe ?

*Pri.* Safety and helpe are both fled out of *Troy*,  
And left behind nothing but massacre:  
My Pallace is surpris'd, my guard all flaine,  
My selfe am wounded, but more with your shrieks;  
Then by the swords of *Grecians*: come let's flie  
Vnto the sacred Aitar of the gods.

*All La.* May we be safe there father ?

*Pri.* Safe ? Oh no;  
Safety is fled. Death hath our liues in chase,  
And since we needes must dye, let's chuse this place. *Exeunt.*

*Alarm.* Enter at the one doore *Hellen*, at  
the other *Cressida*.

*Cres.* Whither runnes *Hellen* ?

*Hel.* Whither shou'd I flye ?

*Cres.* See, *Troy* is not it selfe, oh wretched *Hellen* ?  
To shunne the *Greekes* to run into the fire,  
Or flying fire, perish by *Greekish* Steele:  
Which hadst thou rather chuse ?

*Hel.* Death, in what shape soeuer hee appears  
To me is welcome, Ple no longer shun him;

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

But here with *Cresida* abide him : here,  
Oh, why was *Hellen* at the first so faire,  
To be come subiect to so foule an end ?  
Or how hath *Cresids* beauty sinn'd 'gainst Heauen,  
That it is branded thus with leprosie ?

*Cres.* I in conceit thought that I might contend  
Against Heauens splendor, I did once suppose,  
There was no beauty but in *Cresids* lookes,  
But in her eyes no pure diuinity :  
But now behold mee *Hellen*.

*Hel.* In her I see  
All beauties frailty, and this object makes  
All fairenesse to show vgly in it selfe :  
But to see breathlesse Virgins pil'd on heape,  
What lesse can *Hellen* doe then curse these Starres  
That shine so bright at her natiuity,  
And wish her nayles teare out these shining balls  
That haue set *Troy* on fire ?

*Enter Pyrrhus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, &c.*

*Pyr.* Pierce all the Troian Ladies with your swords,  
Least 'mongst them you might spare *Polixena*.

*Agam.* Stay, I should know that face, tis *Helena*.

*Mene.* My Queene ?

*Hel.* I am not *Hellen*, but *Polixena* ;  
Therefore reuengfull *Neoptolemus*  
Doe Iustice on me for thy fathers death.

*Pyr.* *Polixena* ? by all *Achilles* honours  
Ile part thee limbe from limbe.

*Cres.* *Pyrrhus* forbear,  
It's the Spartan Queene.

*Mene.* If *Hellen*, the adulterous strumpet dyes,  
Ile be her death-man.

*Hel.* Strike home *Menelaus*,  
Death from thy hand is welcome.

*Aga.* Hold I say,  
Shes *Clitemnestras* sister, for her sake

*Hellen*

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*Hellen* shall liue, and Kingly *Menelaus*  
Receiue her into fauour,

*Fyr. Agamemnon*

Is too remisse, I haue sworne all blood to spill  
I meet with, and this one will *Pyrrhus* kill.

*Men.* And I this other.

*Aga.* For our sake *Menelaus* let her liue.

Was not our sister borne against her will  
From *Sparta*? for that wrong done by the Troians  
Doth not *Troy* burne? and are not all our swords  
Stain'd in the blood of *Paris* slaughtered friends?  
You shall be reconcil'd to *Helena*,  
And beare her backe to *Greece*.

*Enter Therfites.*

*Ther.* *Hellen* at shrift. alas poore penitent Queane,  
Dost heare me *Menelaus*? pardon her,  
Take her againe to *Sparta*, thou'lt else want  
So kind a bed-fellow.

*Men.* Take backe my shame?

*Ther.* Yes for thy pleasure.

There's in the world as rich and honourable  
As thou, who lend the pleasures of their bed  
To others, and then take them backe agayne  
As they can get them.

*Men.* My brow shall neuer beare  
Such Characters of shame.

*Ther.* Thy browes beares hornes already, but who sees  
When thou return'st to *Sparta*, some will thinke  
Thou art a Cuckold, but who is't dare say so?  
Thou art a King, thy finnes are clouded o're,  
Where poore mens faults by tongues are made much more,  
Of all men liuing, Kings are last shall heare  
Of their dishonours.

*Aga.* What inferiour Beast  
Dares tell the *Lyon* of his Tyranny,  
Who is not torne asunder with his pawes?  
The King of *Sparta* therefore needs not feare

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

The tongues of subiects bid our sister rise  
To safety in thine armes.

*Ther Doe Menelaus.*

*Mene.* But will my *Hellen* then by future vertue  
Redeeme her long lost honour?

*Hel.* If with teares

The Heauens may be appeas'd for *Hellens* finnes,  
They shall haue penitent showers: If *Menelaus*  
May with the spirit of loue be satisfied,  
He ten times rectifie my forset honour  
Before I touch his bed.

*Men.* Arise then *Hellen*, *Menelaus* armes  
Thus welcome thee to safety.

*Ther.* Ha, ha, ha,

Why this is well, for he that's borne to dye  
A branded Cuckhold, huggs his destiny:  
Goe, get you after *Pyrrhus* to the slaughter,  
Hee looketo *Hellen*.

*Aga.* Conueigh her to our guard.

*Exit.*

*Ther.* *Hellen*, hereafter see thou proou'ft more wise,  
If not more honest, yet be more precise.

*Exit.*

*Enter Prince Chorebus with other Troians  
in Greekish habits.*

*Cho.* These shapes thriue well, we haue guilt our *Greekish*  
With blood of their owne nation: some we haue sent *(armes)*  
To euerlasting darknesse, some repulst  
Backe to their ships: some we haue made to flye  
Into their horses bulke, whence *Pyrrhus* first  
Lept downe vpon his speare.

*Enter Synon, Therites, and the Greekes  
dragging in Cassandra.*

*Syn.* Come souldiers, this is stately tragicall,  
The Greekes wade vp euen to the brawny thighes ]  
In luke-warme blood of our despoyled foes.

Aboue

*The Second Part of the Iron Age*

About *Melpomene's* huge buskin'd top  
We plunge at euery stepp, and brauely fought  
By *Troyes* bright burning flame : that's now our light.  
*Ther.* More of our valiant mates, let's ioyne with them,  
This streete yet's vnassaulted and vnfir'd :  
Some balls of wild-fire streight, and hurle this Lady  
Into the fury of the burning flame.

*Cho.* My wife *Cassandra* ?

*Syn.* Courage, let none scape  
Fire, vengeance, blood, death, murder, spoyle and rape.

*Cho.* All these on *Greece* and twenty thousand more,  
Till they like *Troy* be drown'd in teares and goare.

*Chorebus* and the rest beate off the *Greekes*,  
and rescue *Cassandra*.

*Cass.* From *Greekes* to *Greeks*, from fire kept for the sword,  
From one death to another.

*Cho.* *Cassandra* no.

*Cass.* My Lord the Prince *Chorebus* ?

*Cho.* Yes the same,

Who hath preferu'd thee both from sword and flames.

*Enter Aeneas* with his father, who taking *Chorebus* for a  
*Grecian* by reason of his habite, fights with him and kills  
him.

*Ane.* More *Greekes* and see *Cassandra* captiue made,  
Assault them *Troians*, rescue the faire *Princesse* ;  
This way deare father mount my backe againe.

*Cass.* Oh false *Aeneas*, thou hast slaine thy friend:  
Many a *Greeke* (thus shapt) he sent to hell,  
And being a *Troian* by a *Troian* fell.

*Ane.* He dy'd not by my hand, but his owne fate!

*Cass.* And I forgine thee good *Aeneas*, flie,  
Thou shalt suruiue, but *Troy* and wee must fall :  
The hope of all our future memories  
Are stor'd in thee, take vp thy sacred load

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

Reuerent *Anchises* bed-rid through his age,  
We are all doom'd, faire *Troy* must perish here,  
But thou art borne a greater *Troy* to reare.

*Ene.* The Heauens haue hand in all things, to their pleasure  
Wee must subscribe: *Cressa*, where's my wife?  
In loosing her I saue but halte my life.  
Come reuerent father, on my shoulders mount,  
Though thousand dangers dogge vs at the heeles,  
Yet will wee force our passage.

*Exeunt.*

*King Priam discovered kneeling at the Altar, with him Hecuba, Polixena, Andromache, Astianax: to them enter Pyrrhus, and all the Greekes, Pyrrhus killing Polytes Priams sonne before the Altar.*

*Pyr.* Still let your voyces to hye Heauen aspire  
For *Pyrrhus* vengeance, murdring steele and fire.

*All the Ladies.* Oh, oh.

*Pri.* My sonne *Polytes*? oh thou more hard hearted  
Then fatall *Pyrrhus* or his fathers guard,  
That in the shadow of this sacred place  
Durst sprinke the childs blood in the fathers face?

*Pyr.* *Priam*? thanks sweet reuenge, through swords & armour,  
Through mures, and Counter-mures of men and steele;  
Through many a corner, and blind entries mouth  
I haue followed this thy bleeding sonne to death,  
Whose swift persuite hath traird me to this Altar  
To be reueng'd on thee for the sad fate  
Of great *Achilles*.

*Pri.* Thou art *Pyrrhus* then?

*Pyr.* My acts shall speake my name,  
I am that *Pyrrhus* who did mount yon Horse  
Hyding mine armour in his deepe vast bulke,  
The first that lept out of his spacious side,  
And tost consuming fire in euery street,  
Which climb'd, as if it meant to meete the stars,  
I am that *Pyrrhus* before whom *Troy* falls.

*Before*

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

Before whom all the Vanes and Pinacles  
Send their high tops, and from the battlements  
On which they stand, breake their aspiring necks.  
The proudest rooffe and most imperious spyre  
Hath vaild to vs and our all wasting fire.

*Pri.* *Pyrhus*, I know thee for my destin'd plague,  
I know the gods haue left vs to our weaknesse,  
I see our glories eaded and extinct,  
And I stand ready to abide their doome;  
Onely for pittie and for pieties sake  
Be gracious to these Ladies.

*Syn.* *Pyrhus* no,  
Such grace as they did to *Achilles* shew,  
Let them all tast; let grace be farre exil'd,  
Kill from the elder to the sucking child.

*Pri.* Hee's prone enough to mischiefe of himselfe,  
Spurre not that fury on which runnes too fast,  
Nor adde thou to old *Priams* misery  
Which scarce can be augmented tis so great.

*Pyr.* Dye in thy tortures then.

*Hec.* Oh spare his life.

*Asti.* Good man kill not my Grandfire.

*Pri.* Good man doe.

*Hec.* Kill mee for him.

*Asti.* No, shee's my Grandam too,  
Indeed shee's a good woman, chuse some other  
If you must needes kill.

*Pyr.* This then.

*Asti.* Shee's my Mother, you shall not hurt her.

*Pri.* This boy had a father,  
*Hector* his name, who had hee liu'd to see  
A sword bent 'gainst his wife, this Queene, or me,  
He would haue made all *Greece* as hot to hold him  
As burning *Troy* is now to shelter vs.

*Asti.* Good Grandfire weepe not, Grandam, Mother, Aunt  
Alas, what meane you? If you be good men  
Put vp your swords and helpe to quench these flames,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Or if in killing you such pleasure haue,  
Practise on him, kill that ill fauoured knaue.

*Syn.* Mee bratt?

*Pyr.* *Ulysses, Agamemnon. Menelaus,*  
*Synon, Therfites,* and you valiant Greekes;  
Beho'd the vengeance wrathfull *Pyrhus* takes  
On *Priams* body for *Achilles* death:

*Synon,* take thou that Syren *Polixene,*  
And hew her peece-meale on my fathers Tombe.  
*Therfites,* make the wombe of fifty Princes  
A royall sheath for thy victorious blade:

*Diomed,* let *Castandra* dye by thee,  
And *Agamemnon* kill *Andromache*:  
And as my sword through *Priams* bulke shall flie,  
Let them in death consort him, and so dye.

*Ther.* When, when, for *Ioues* sake when?

*Syn.* Some expeditious fate this motion further,  
Me thinks tis long since that I did a murder.

*Pri.* Oh Heauen, oh *Ioue,* Stars, Planets, fortune, fate,  
To thinke what I haue beene, and what am now;  
Father of fifty braue Heroick sonnes,  
But now no Father, for they all are slaine.  
*Queene Hecuba* the Mother of so many,  
But now no Mother: for her barren wombe  
Hath not one child to shew, these fatall warres  
Haue eate vp all our issue.

*Ast.* My deare Father,  
And all my princely Vnkles.

*Andr.* My deare Husband,  
And all my royall brothers.

*Hecu.* Worthy *Hector,*  
And all my valiant sonnes.

*Pri.* And now that *Priam* that commanded *Asia,*  
And fate inthron'd about the Kings of *Greece,*  
Whose dreaded Nauy scowerd the *Hellepont,*  
Sees the rich towers hee built now burnt to ashes:  
The stately walls he reard, leuel'd and euen'd;



*The Second Part of the Iron Age:*

His Treasures rifled and his people spoyld:  
All that he hath on earth beneath the Sunne  
Berest him, sauing his owne life and these,  
And my poore life with these, are (as you see)  
worfe then the rest: they dead, we dying bee.  
Strike my sterne foe, and proue in this my friend,  
One blow my vniuertall cares shall end.

*Pyr.* And that blow *Pirhus* strikes, at once strike all.

*Syn.* Why so, so, this was stately tragicall.

*They are all  
slaine at once.*

*Asst.* Where shall I hide me?

*Pyr.* So nimble *Hectors* bastard?

My father slew thy father, I the sonne:  
Thus will I tosse thy carcas vp on hie,  
The brat about his fathers fame shall flie.

*He tosseth him about his head and kills him.*

*Syn.* No, somewhat doth remayne,  
Alarum still; the peoples not all slaine,  
Let not one soule suruiue.

*Pyr.* Then Trumpets sound  
Till burning *Troy* in Troian blood be drown'd.

*Exeunt.*

*The Alarum continued, shrieks and clamours are heard  
within. Enter with Drumme, Colours, and Souldiers  
Agamemnon, Pyrhus, Vlysses, Diomed, Menelaus, Hellen,  
Thersites, Synon, &c.*

*Pyr.* What more remains t'accomplish our reuenge?  
The proudest Nation that great *Asi*aurst  
Is now extinct in *Lethe*.

*Wiene.* Ail by *Hellen*,

Oh had that tempting beauty ne're beene borne,  
By whom so many worthies now lie dead.

*Syn.* A hot Pest take the strumpet.

*Ther.* And a mischief;

*Syn.* Twa this hot whore that set all *Troy* a fire.

*Hel.* Forgive me *Pyrhus* for thy fathers death,

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*Troy* for thy sack, King *Priam* for thy sonnes,  
*Greece* for an infinite slaughter, and you Husband  
For all your nuptiall wrongs, King *Menelaus*,  
must confesse, my inconsiderate deed  
Haue made a world of valiant hearts to bleed.

*Dio.* What, note is that which *Pyrhus* eye dwells on?

*Pyr.* The perfect number

Of Greekes and Troians slayne on either part.

The siege ten yeares, ten moneths, ten dayes indur'd,  
In which there perish't of the Greekes fore *Troy*  
Eight hundred thousand & sixe thousand fighting men:  
Of Troians fell sixe hundred sixe and fifty thousand,  
All souldiers; besides women, children, babes,  
Whom this night massacred.

*Hel.* All these I slew.

*Syn.* Nay, some this hand sent packing, that's not true.

*Vlyf.* *Aeneas*, with twenty two ships well furnish't,  
(The selfe same ships in which young *Paris* say'd  
When hee from *Sparta* stole faire *Helena*,)  
Is fled to Sea.

*Dio.* *Antenor* with five hundred Troians more  
Scap't through the gate cal'd *Dardan*.

*Pyr.* Let them goe,

That of *Troyes* sack the world by them may know,  
Where about thirty braue Heroick Kings  
Haue breath'd their last: besides inferior Princes,  
Barons and Knights, eightene imperiall Monarches  
With his owne hands renowned *Hector* slew:  
My father besides *Troilus* and that *Hector*,  
Eight famous Kings that came in ayd of *Troy*.  
Three Troian *Paris* with his Arrowes slew,  
Of which one was my father: *Diomed*  
Foure Monarches with his bright sword sent to death.  
Our selfe the warlike Queene of *Amazons*,  
And aged *Priam*.

*Ther.* Brauely boast he can,  
A wretched woman and a weake old man.

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*Pyr.* And now *Troyes* warres sre ended, we in peace  
With glorious conquest to sayle backe to *Greece*.  
Their Nation's vanish'd like their Citties smoake,  
Our enemies are all ashes : worlds to come  
Shall Cronicle our pittilesse reuenge  
In Bookes of Brasse and leaues of Adamant.  
Towards *Greece* victorious Leaders, our toyle's past ;  
*Troy* and *Troyes* people we haue burn't in flames,  
And of them both left nothing but their names .

*Exeunt.*

*Explicit Actus tertius.*

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*Actus Quartus : Scœna prima.*

*Enter Prince Cethus the sonne of King Naulus, and  
brother to Palamides.*

*Ceth.* With wondrous ioy they say, the Greckes returne.  
With Triumphes and ouation s piercing Heauen,  
Where e're they set but foot loude Pæans sing,  
And Oades to spheare-like Notes tun'd in their prayse :  
Whil' st *Cethus* like a forlorne shadowe walkes  
Dispis'd, disgrac't, neglected and debosht ;  
Playing his melancholly, cares and sorrowes  
On his discordant Hart-strings. Oh my fate ?  
Shall I, that haue this body aud this braine,  
A royalty stamp on mee in my birth :  
Whose wrongs haue beene of marke through all the world.  
Troubling each eare, and being disputable  
By euery tongue that hath beene taught to speake,  
Euen in the mouthes of Babes, all rating mee  
Of cowardefie and sloth : sleepe, an occasion  
Being fairely offered ? No, awake reuenge,  
He bring the now to action.

*Enter Pilades.*

*Pil.* Heare you the newes

*Ceth.*

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*Ceth.* *Orestes* friend, the noble *Pilades*?  
Instruct mine ignorance, I know of none.

*Pil.* This day the Prince, great *Agamemnons* heire  
*Orestes* whom you truly call your friend,  
Betroths the young and faire *Hermione*  
Daughter to beauteous *Hellen*.

*Ceth.* *Hymens* ioyes.  
Crowne them with all true pleasure.

*Pil.* Shall we haue your presence at the Contract?

*Ceth.* Who's within?

*Pil.* Onely *Egistus*, *Clitemnestras* friend,  
The Queene and faire *Electra*.

*Ceth.* Witnesse enough,  
Then spare me for this time good *Pilades*,  
Wee'le owe them greater seruice.

*Pil.* But tis a duty that I owe my friend,  
My absence would distast him. *Exit.*

*Ceth.* Fare you well.

Doe, doe, contract and marry, ayme at Heauen,  
But Hell is that they plunge in: Oh *Palamedes*  
My basely betray'd brother, sold at *Troy*  
As we would cheapen Horses, yet a Prince:  
A Prince? nay Generall of the Greekish host.  
Emperour and Keyser, chose to that command  
By a full Hurry of Kings, and by them rated  
The prime & worthiest: who being far from equal  
Could find in whole *Greece* no competitor.  
Yet this peculiar man, this God of men,  
By false *Vlysses* and *Atrous* sonnes  
*Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, basely supplanted;  
Who, for they would conferre amongst themselues  
The soueraignty forg'd letters sent from *Troy*,  
And coine withall mark't with King *Prianus* stamp,  
As if this father of his fame and Nation  
Whose onely ends were aynd to honour *Greece*  
Wou'd haue betrayde his people: this suggested,  
My brotner was arraig'd, conuict, condemn'd;

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

For which I haue vow'd the vniuersall ruine  
Of all the Kings of that corrupted bench.  
*Palamides* thy blood in *Asia* shed  
Shall make all *Europe* mourne since thou art dead.

*Enter Egistus, Clitemnestra, Orestes, Pi-  
lades, Hermione, and Electra.*

*Cl.* *Meeenae*s King and *Sparta*'s would be proud  
To see this happy and blest vniion made  
Betweene their royall Families.

*Orest.* This faire Virgine,  
Second from *Lada* to whom *Ioue* vouchsaf't  
The strict Imbrace of his immortall arme,  
Vnspotted with her mothers prostitution,  
Wee'le thus receiue.

*Hermi.* May my chaste innocence  
Breake through the Cloud which hath eclips'd her fame,  
Whose luster may out-shine my mothers frailties,  
And they through me may bee forgot in *Greece*.

*Eos.* *Hermione*, your words tast of your breeding  
Vnder this Queene your faire and Princely Aunt,  
were young *Electra* but so well bestowed,  
Great *Agamemnon* in so braue a match  
Would thinke himselfe more grac'd, then in fruition  
Of all the forraigne Trophies.

*Ceth.* May shee prooue?  
A whore like to her Mother: Prince *Orestes*,  
And you bright Lady *Spartans* second light,  
May all the vertues of this potent Queene  
Take life in you, to prooue hereditary  
That the great Arch-duke crown'd with fame and honour,  
In his returne may adde a surplusage  
To his already surfet: find his bed  
By this adultresse basely strumpetted,  
And make the Downe they lye on quasse their blood.

*Orest.* How doe you faire *Electra* in your iudgement  
Applaude your brothers choyce?

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*Elect.* As of a contract  
Made by the gods above, and now by Princes,  
Here ratified on earth.

*Orest.* I would my friend  
Were to you sister, but as fast betroth'd  
As I to *Hellens* daughter: But deare *Pilades*,  
Tis Time must perfect all things.

*Pil.* Madam you heare  
This motion from your brother.

*Elect.* And I craue  
Time to consider on't.

*Orest.* Tis on foote,  
Pursue it then with all aduantages,  
Command my free assistance to beginne;  
Had you *Electra* friend, as I *Hermione*;  
We were at first as forraigneas you two,  
And euery way as strange, but opportunity  
That hath vnited vs, may make you one.  
After some amorous parliance, let vs now  
Vnto the Temple and there sacrifice  
Vnto the gods, that *Greece* no more may mourne  
But glory in our fathers safe returne.

*Egist.* His safety is our danger, for know Madam,  
Our loue hath bin too publick.

*Cerb.* That's the ground  
On which to build my proiect.

*Cl.* Grant it hath.  
Cannot a more then nine yeares widdow-head  
Excuse mee being a woman? thinks the King  
Wee can forget that lesson in our age,  
Which was by him first taught vs in our youth?  
Or was't his ayme to shew vs choyce delights,  
Then barre vs their fruition? First to tast  
Our pallat, next to make ys appetite;  
And when our stomacks are prepar'd and sharpen'd  
For Costly vions plac't before our eyes,  
Then to remooue the tablee hee's vnkind;

*The Second Part of the Iron Age:*

And as hee hath dealt with vs, so must find.

*Enter Synon.*

*Syn.* The Queene? to her my speed is.

*Cli.* Speake on fouldier.

*Syn.* I am the herald of most happy newes,  
Troy with the earth is leueld, sackt, and burnt;  
Priam with all his memory extinct,  
Queene, daughters, sonnes, and subiects ruin'd all.  
Now like the vapour of their Citties smoake,  
And of them no more found: And Madam now  
The King your Lord, the Elder of the *Attyd's*,  
Duke of the puissant and all conquering Host,  
His temples archt in a victorious orbe,  
And wreth'd in all the glories earth can yeeld  
Is landed in *Mycene* a Conquerour:

*Ceth.* How could they scape those fierce fires *Naulis* made  
In vengeance of his sonne *Palamides*  
To split their cursed Fleete vpon the rocks.

*Cli.* Make repetition of their ioyes againe,  
Beeing things that I cannot heare too oft,  
And adde to them: Is *Menelaus* safe  
My husbands brother? *Hellen* how fares shee?  
Or is shee thence repurchast? fill mine eares  
With such sweete Tones, 'tis all I can desire.

*Syn.* Take your full longing then, for though the Seas  
With tempests, stormes, rocks, shipwracks, shelues and sands  
More dammag'd them then all the Troian siege.  
Although the Beacons fir'd to draw their Fleete  
Distressed and disperst vpon the rocks  
Sunke many a goodly bottome: Yet the Generall  
Scap't by the hand of *Ioue*, with him King *Diomed*,  
*Plysses*, and great *Neoptolimus*,  
With *Spartan Menelaus* late attend  
With beauteous *Helen* cause of all these broyles:  
All these attend vpon the Generall  
To bring him home victorious, and this night  
Will lodge in the Kings Pallace.

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*Cli.* Souldier thanks,  
These twice five yeares I haue a widdow beene,  
Thy newes haue now new married mee : giue order  
For the Kings intertainment, all the state  
*Mycene* can yeeld shail freely be expos'd  
In honour of these Princes : your great hast  
Doth aske some rest, therefore repose your selfe,  
And for your fortunate newes expect reward.

*Syn.* The Queene is royall.

*Ceth.* And now to that diuell  
Which I must coniure vp : Is the Queene mad ?  
Or thou *Egistus* sottish ? see you not  
The stake and scaffold, nay the Hang-man too ;  
And will you blind-fold run vpon your deaths  
When there is way to scape them ?

*Egist.* What horrid fright  
Is this propos'd by *Cethus* ?

*Ceth.* The King's return'd,  
And doth not your veines gush out of your temples  
In sanguine blushes ? are not your adulteries  
Famous as *Hellens* ? nay, more infamous,  
There was a rape to countenance what shee did,  
You nought saue corrupt lust and idlenesse :  
Tis blab'd in the Citty, talk't on in the Court,  
All tongues surcharg'd, all eyes are fix't on you,  
To see what fearefull vengeance he will take  
For that your prostitution.

*Cli.* Hee's a King.

*Ceth.* True *Clitemnestra*, so he went from hence,  
But is return'd a Tyrant flesht in blood :  
Think'st thou that he who queld his foes abroad,  
Will spare at home domestick enemies ?  
That was so prone to punish others wrongs,  
And can forget his owne ?

*Cli.* If *Meneclaus*  
Haue pardon'd *Hellen*, may not he his brother  
Make *Spartacus* King his noble president,



*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

To doe the like to me?

*Ceth.* Tush shallow *Queene*,  
How you mistake; see imminent fate affront you,  
And will not shun it comming? If his brother  
Be branded as a scandall to the world,  
What consequence is it that he will grone  
Vnder the selte same burden? rather thinke  
He hath propos'd a vengeance dire and horrid  
To terrife, not countenance such misdeeds:  
And this must fall on you, lest time to come  
Should Chronicle his family for a broode  
Of Cuckolds and of Strumpets.

*Egist.* This thy language  
Strikes me with horreur.

*Cl.* And affrights mee too.

*Ceth.* Is hee not King? hath he not *Linxes eyes*,  
And *Gyants armes*, the first to see farre off,  
The last as farre to punish? was hee so poore  
In friends at home, to leaue no *Argus* here  
To keepe his eyes still waking? thinke it not  
But that he knew the treason of his bed,  
Hee had not faire *Brisis* snatcht perforce  
From th'armes of great *Achilles*.

*Cl.* That I heard.

*Ceth.* Why hath he a new mistresse brought from *Troy*,  
But to state her in *Clitemnestraes* stead,  
And make her *Micenes* *Queene* whilst you poore wretches  
Like malefactors suffer, mark't for the Stag  
And most ridiculous spectacles.

*Cl.* You shew the danger,  
But teach vs no preuention.

*Egist.* Set before vs  
The obiects of our feares and difficulties,  
But not the way to auoyde them.

*Ceth.* Heare me then,  
Preuent your death's by his.

*Cl.* How? kill the King?

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So we heape sinne on sinne and basely adde  
Vnto adultery murder.

*Ceth.* *Per scelus semper tutum sceleribus iter.*  
Boldly you haue begun, and being once in,  
Blood will cure lust, and mischiefe phisicke sinne.

*Cli.* Perhaps our guilt lies hid.

*Ceth.* In a Kings Pallace  
Can lust in such great persons be conceald?

*Cli.* The first offence repents mee, and to that  
I should but adde a greater.

*Ceth.* Perish, dee.

Or what concernes this mee? I shall be safe,  
I haue strumpetted no *Agamemmons* Queene,  
Nor bastarded the issue of the *Atrides* :  
Or why should I thus labour their securities  
Who study not their owne?

*Egist.* Resolue then Queene,  
The Kings austere, and will extend his Iustice  
Vnto some sad example.

*Cli.* Oh but my husband.

*Ceth.* After ten yeares widdow-hood  
Can *Clitemnestra* thinke of such a name?

*Cli.* You haue halfe wone me, when shall this be done?

*Ceth.* When but this night? delayes are ominous :  
Ere he haue time to thinke vpon his wrongs,  
Or finde a tongue to whisper, ere suspicion  
Can further be instructed or least censure,  
To call his wrongs in question : instantly,  
Euen in his height of ioy, fulnesse of complement  
With th' Argiue Kings : whilst cups are brim'd with healths,  
Whilst ieaalousies are drown'd in *Bacchus* boles.  
This night before he sleepe, or that his pillowe  
Can giue him the least counsell, ere he can spare  
A minute for the smallest intelligence,  
Or moment to consider : I haue done  
If you haue either grace in apprehension  
Or spirit in performance.

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*Egist.* I haue both,  
What answers *Clixemnestra*?

*Cli.* I am swayd,  
And though I know there's difference of Justice  
In Princes sitting on the skarlet bench,  
And husbands dallying in the priuate bed:  
I'le hold him as one sits vpon my life,  
Not one that lies inclos'd within mine armes;  
Hee's now my Iudge, not Husband, here I vow  
Assistance in his death.

*Ceth.* And so furuiue  
Secure and fortunate.

*Egist.* This night?

*Cli.* 'Tis done.

*Ceth.* The proiect I haue cast with all security,  
And safety for your person: smooth your browes,  
And let there shine a welcome in your looks  
At the Kings intertainment: nay begone,  
By this time you are expected; what remains  
Is mine in forme, but yours in action. *Exeunt.*  
Now father stile me a most worthy sonne  
*Palamides*, a brother, what neither fires,  
Nor rocks could doe, what neither *Neptunes* rage,  
Nor *Mars* his fury, what the turbulent Seas,  
Nor the combustious Land, that *Cethus* can:  
Hee that succedes my brother in his rule,  
Shall first succede in death: none that had hand  
Or voyce in his subuersion that shall stand. *Exit.*

*Enter Therfites and Synon.*

*Ther.* Well met on Land kind brother, wee are now  
Victorious: let's be proud on't.

*Syn.* Thou say'st true,  
Wee are Conquerours in our basest cowardise,  
Wee had not beene here else.

*Ther.* Valiant *Hector*,  
*Achilles*, *Troilus*, *Paris*, *Ajax* too:  
They are all falne, we stand.

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*Syn.* Yes, and will stiffe  
When all the Grecian Princes that suruiue  
Are cramp't and ham-string'd.

*Ther.* Wast thou not sea-sicke brother?

*Syn.* Horribly, and fear'd  
In the rough seas to haue disgorg'd my heart,  
And there to haue fed Haddock's.

*Ther.* Troians were fellowes  
In all their fury to be parlied with:  
But with the tempests, gusts, and *Furicanes*,  
The warring windes, the billowes, rocks and fires  
There was no talking: these few times we pray'd,  
The gods would heare no reason.

*Syn.* Twas because  
The billowes with their roaring, and the winds  
Did with their whistling keepe them from their eares:  
But now all's husht, could wee finde time to pray,  
They might find time to heare vs.

*Ther.* Shall wee be  
Spectators of the royall inter-view  
Betwixt the King and Queene?

*Syn.* Ten yeares diuorst  
Should challenge a kind meeting, let's obserue  
The forme and state of this Court-complements,  
(things I did neuer trade with:) Harke loud musicke  
Giues warning of their comming.

*Loud musicke.* Enter at one doore Agamemnon, Vlysses, Diomed, Pyrrhus, Menelaus: Synon and Therites falling into their trayne. At the other Egistus, Clitemnestra, Cethus, Orestes, Pylades, Hermione, Electra, &c.

*Aga.* Vnto our Country and our Household-gods  
Wee are at length return'd, trophied with honours,  
With *Troyes* subuersion and rich *Asiases* spoyles,  
This is a sacred day:

*Egist.* Such *Troy* had once!

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

*Aga.* Vnto the gods wel'e sacrifice.

*Ceth.* So Priam fell  
Before the holy Altar.

*Aga.* This Citty is not Troy.

*Ceth.* Where Hellen treads,  
I hold the place no better.

*Aga.* See our Queene,  
*Orestes* and *Electra*, for our sake,  
Princes of Greece daigne them your best salutes,  
Deare *Clitemnestra*.

*Clit.* Royall King and Husband.

*After their salute.* All the rest complement as  
strangers, but especially *Pyrhus* and *Orestes*.

*Aga.* What's he that kneeles so close vnto our Queen?

*Clit.* *Egistus* and your seruant.

*Aga.* Hee was young  
When we at first set sayle from *Aulis Gulfe*,  
Now growne from my remembrance; we shall finde  
Fit time to search him further.

*Ceth.* Marke you that.

*Egist.* Yes, and it toucht me deepely.

*Mene.* Our sister, and this young *Hermione*,  
Daughter to vs and *Hellen*.

*Ther.* Prity puppy,  
Of such a common brach.

*Men.* Young *Neoptolemus*,  
This is the Lady promist you at *Troy*,  
For your great seruice done there: hae's your owne,  
Freely imbrace her then.

*Syn.* I see we are like  
To haue a iolly kindred.

*Orest.* *Pyrhus*, inioy  
Her whom I haue in contract?

*Pyr.* Beauteous Lady,  
The great'st ambition *Pyrhus* aymes at now,  
Is how to know you farther.

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

Hath beene so mighty to reuenge the wrongs  
Of my faire mother, can from *Hermione*  
Challenge no lesse then welcome.

*Orest.* Oh you gods,

*Pyrrhus*, thou wert more safe in burning *Troy*  
With horreur, fury blood, fires, foes about thee,  
Then in my fathers court.

*Ceth.* Another Collumne

On which to build my slaughters. *Patience Prince*,  
This is no time for braues and Menaces,  
I further shall instruct you.

*Orest.* I haue done.

*Ther.* See now the two *Queenes* meete, & smack in publick,  
That oft haue kift in corners.

*Syn.* *Thersites*?

Thou art growne a monster, a strange thing scarce knowne  
'Mongst souldiers, wiues and daughters.

*Ther.* They are two sisters.

*Syn.* Yes, and the two King-brothers royally  
Betweene them two cornuted.

*Ther.* We are to loud.

*Dio.* Princes of *Greece*, since we haue done a duty  
To see our Generall mid'ft his people safe,  
And after many dreadfull warres abroad  
In peace at home. 'Tis fit we should disperse  
Vnto our feuerall Countries instantly,  
I purpose for *Etolia*, where my *Queene*  
With longing waites my comming.

*Aga.* Not King *Diomed*,

Till you haue seene *Mecena's* pompe and state  
In ampliest royalty exprest at full,  
Both tasted of our feasts and Princely gifts.  
The faire *Egiale*, who hath so long  
Forborne your presence, will not I presume  
Deny to spare you to vs some few dayes,  
To adde to the yeares number, though not as Generall  
Yet will I lay on you a friends command

Which

*The Second Part of the Iron Age:*

Which must not be deny'de.

*Dio.* Great *Agamemnon*

With mee was euer powerfull, I am his.

*Cli.* And now faire sister welcome back from *Troy*,

Be euer henceforth *Spartaes*.

*Hel.* Your great care

In my enforced absence (gracious *Queene*)

Exprest vnto my deare *Hermione*,

Hath much obliged me to you. Oh my fate,

How swift time runnes: *Orestes* growne a man,

Whom I left in the Cradle! Young *Electra*

Then (as I tak't) scarce borne, and now growne ripe,

Euen ready for an husband!

*Syn.* In whose absence

If but one handsome sweete-heart come in place,

Shee'l not turne tayle for't, if shee doe but take

After mine old Naunt *Hellen*.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* The great and solemne preparation

Of the Court, itate and glory mighty Princes,

Attend for you within.

*Aga.* All are consecrated

Vnto your royall welcomes, enter then,

Wee'l feast like earthy gods, or god-like men.

*Loud musick.* They possesse the Stage in all state,  
*Cethus* stayeth behind.

*Ceth.* My brayne about againe, for thou hast found

New proiect now to worke on, and 'tis here,

*Orestes* hath receiu'd *Hermione*

From *Clitemnestra's* hand, her soule is his,

And hee her Genius, two combind in one:

Yet shee is by the fathers Oath conferd

On *Pyrrhus*, which shall breede a stormy flawe

Ne're to be peec't againe, but by the deaths

Of the two hopefull youths: perhaps the hazard

Of all these Kings if my reuenge strike home.

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

(Of that at leisure) but the bloody stage  
On which to act, Generall this night is thine,  
Thou lyeſt downe mortall, who muſt riſe diuine.

*Enter Orestes to Cethus. Musicke and  
healthing within.*

*Orest.* Oh *Cethus* what's this musicke vnto me,  
That are compos'd of discords? what are healths  
To him that is strucke heart-sicke? all those ioyes  
Whose leaders seeme to pierce against the roofes  
Of these high structures, to him that is struck downe  
Halfe way below the Center?

*Ceth.* Were you lower,  
Yet here's a hand can rayse you, deeper cast  
Then to the lowest Abisme: It lyes in me  
To aduance you to the height of happinesse,  
Where you shall liue eternis'd from the reach  
Of any humane malice.

*Orest.* Hadst thou seene  
Her, in whose breast my heart was paradis'd,  
Kist, courted, and imbrac'd.

*Ceth.* By *Pyrhus*.

*Orest.* Him:  
What passionate and insidiating lookes  
Hee cast on her, as if in scorne of me:  
Shall hee inioy my birth-right, or inherite  
Where I am heire apparant? shall he vsurper  
Or pleade my interest, where I am possesst?  
Rule where I raigne? where I am stated, sit?  
Braue me in my peculiar Soueraignty?

*Ceth.* Hee must not, shall not.

*Orest.* Show mee to depose  
The proud Vsurper then.

*Ceth.* Prince, make't my charge.  
In the meane time, from your distracted front  
Exile all discontent, let not least rage  
Raigne in your eye, or harshnesse in your tongue,  
Smooth waters are still deep'st: waite on the King,



*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

And be no stranger to your mothers eye,  
Or forraigne to your Kindred : the feast spent,  
And night with it : the morrow shall beget  
Project of more import (scarfe thought on now.)  
*Orest.* I build vpon thy Counsell. *Exit Orestes.*  
*Ceth.* Which hath proou'd,  
Fixt as a rocke, still constant, and vnmoou'd.

*Enter Egistus.*

*Egist.* What *Cethus* here? why no such matter now  
No cause of feare, or least suspicion.

*Ceth.* Your reason?

*Egist.* Tush, presume it, we are safe.

*Ceth.* Obserue it, they are still securest, whom  
The Diuell driues to ruine.

*Egist.* Harke, their healths  
Carrowing to the Generals Victories,  
In all thy heate of ioy, and fire of wine,  
No sparke of ieaously, all th'Argument  
Of their discourse, what they haue done at Troy,  
Still health on health, and the great Generall  
So farre from seeming to haue least distaste,  
That in all affable termes hee courts his Queene,  
Nay more, cuts off all banquet Ceremonies,  
To hasten his bed-pleasures, as if times distance  
Betwixt his boord and pallade, seemed more tedious  
Then all his Ten yeares siege.

*Ceth.* Goe, lost man,  
Sinke on firme ground, be shipwrackt in a Calme.  
These healths are to your ruines, his reuenge :  
Hath not *Egistus* read of a disease  
Where men dye laughing : others that haue drunke  
Poyson in steed of Cordia's, perish so?  
To dyetis nothing, since tis all mens due :  
But wretchedly to suffer, fall vnpittied,  
Vnpittied? nay derided, mockt, and curst :  
To dye as a base Traytor, and a Thiefe,  
The adulterator of his Soueraignes bed,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

*Pyrr.* Prodigious sure,  
Since 'tis confirm'd by Thunder.

*Orest.* In mine eares  
Did neuer sound seeme halfe to terrible.

*Hel.* Nor to your eyes, as this sad object is,  
See great *Atrides* groueling.

*Ceth.* What damn'd Villaine  
Was auther of this project?

*Omnes.* Horrid sight.

*Ore.* Rest you amazed all, as thunder struke,  
And without sence or motion Apopiext,  
And onely heare me speake: *Orestes*, he  
Who as if marbled by *Medusæes* head,  
Hath not one teare to fall, or sigh to spend,  
Till I finde out the murderer, and on him  
Inflist remarkable vengeance: for I vowe  
Were it my father, brother, or his *Queene*,  
Hadt thou my weeping sister hand in it.  
If hee? whom equall, (if not rankt above)

I generatid, and shall loue *Pylades*?

Wert she whose wombe did beare me, where I lay

Full nine moneths bedded ere I saw the Sunne,

Or the most abiect Traytor vnder Heauen,

Their doomes were all alike, and this I vowe.

Now you whom this silent and speechlesse King

Hath oft commanded, this now sencelesse braine

As oft directed, this now strengthlesse hand

More oft protected in a warre, that shall

Be to all times example: Lend your shoulders

To beare him, who hath kept you all in life,

This is a blacke and mourning funerall right,

Deedes of this nature must be throughly searcht,

Nay be reueng'd: the gods haue sayd tis good,

The morning Sunne shall rise and blussh in blood.

*They beare him off with a sad and funerall  
march, &c.*

*Explicit Actus quartus.*

*Actus Quintus : Scena prima.*

*Enter* Pyrrhus, Hermione, Therfites,  
and Synon.

*Pyr.* Sweete Lady, can you loue:

*Her.* Forbear my Lord,

Can such a thing as loue be once nam'd here,  
Where euery Marble that supports this rooffe,  
In emulation doth vye teares with vs?  
Nay where the wounds of such a mighty King  
Haue yet scarce bled their last.

*Pyr.* Tuff faire *Hermione*,

These fights that seeme to Ladies terrible,  
Are common to vs souldiers; when from field returning  
All smear'd in blood, where Dukes and Kings lie slaine,  
Yet in our Tents at mid-night it frights not vs  
From courting a sweete Mistresse.

*Syn.* Hee sayth right,

And note of this how I can poetise:

This his great father of his Loue desir'd,  
When from the slaughter of his foes retyr'd  
Hee doft his Cushes and vnarm'd his head,  
To tumble with her on a soft day bed:

It did reioyce *Briséis* to imbrace  
His bruised armes, and kisse his blood-stain'd face.  
These hands which he so often did imbrew  
In blood of warlike Troians whom hee slew,  
Were then employ'd to tickle, touch and feele,  
And shake a Lance that had no print of steele.

*Ther.* Continue in that vein, I'll feed thy Muse  
With Crafish, Praunes and Lobsters.

*Her.* You brought these of purpose to abuse mee.

*Pyr.* Peace *Therfites*,

And *Synon* you no more.

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

*Syn.* Wee see by *Agamemnon* all are mortall,  
And I but shew his neece *Hermione*  
The way of all flesh.

*Ther.* Tis an easie path,  
(The Motner and the Aunt haue troad it both)  
If shee haue wit to follow.

*Enter Vlysses, Menelaus, Diomed with others.*

*Mene.* If it be so, *Egistus* is a traytor,  
And shee no more our sister.

*Vlyf.* Tis not possible  
A Queene of her high birth and parentage  
Should haue such base hand in her husbands death,  
Her husband and her foueraigne.

*Dio.* Double treason,  
Could it be proon'd against her.

*Men.* It appears:  
So farre against humanity and nature  
We dare not once suspect it, but till prooffe  
Explaine it further, hold it in suspence.

*Vlyf.* Oh but their suddaine flight and fortifying?

*Mene.* These are indeed presumptions, but leaue that  
To a most strict inquiry euen for reuerence  
Of Maiesty and Honour to all Queenes,  
For loue of vs because shee was our sister,  
Both for *Orestes* and *Electra's* sake  
Whose births are brauded in so foule a deede  
Till wee examine further circumstances  
Spare your seuerer censures.

*Vlyf.* Tis a businesse  
That least concernes vs, but for Honours sake  
And that hee was our Generall.

*Mene.* What, princely *Pyrhus* courting our faire daughter?

*Her.* Yes sir, but in a time vnsesouable  
Euen as the suite it selfe is.

*Mene.* All delayes  
Shall be cut off and shee be swayd by vs.

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

These Royall Princes ere they leaue *Myrene*,  
Shall see these supriall rights obsemaized,  
Wee keepe our faith with *Pyrhus*.

*Pyr.* Wee our vowes

As constant to the bright *Hermione*.  
First see the royall Generall here interr'd  
And buried like a souldier, 'tis his due:  
To queston of his death concernes not vs,  
Wee leaue it to Heauens iustice and reuenge.  
The rights perform'd with faire *Hermione*,  
Then to our seuerall Countries each man post,  
Captaines disperse still when the Generall's lost.

*Enter Cethus, Orestes, and Pylades. disguis'd.*

*Excurs.*

*Ore.* *Egistus*? and our Mother?

*Ceth.* Am I *Cethus*,

Are you *Orestes*, and this *Pyllades*,  
So sure they were his murderers: this disguise  
Will suite an act of death, full to the life  
Hee stands vpon a strict and secure guard,  
I haue plotted your admittance, it will take  
Doubt not, it cannot fayle, I haue cast it so.

*Ore.* As sent from *Menelaus*?

*Ceth.* Whose name else

Can breake through such strong guards, where feare and guilt  
Keepe hourly watch?

*Ore.* It is enough, I haue't,

And thou the faithful'st of all friends deare *Pyllades*,  
Doe but assist mee in my vowed reuenge  
And inioy faire *Electra*.

*Pyl.* Next your friendship

It is the prise I ayme at, I am yours.

*Ceth.* What slip you time and opportunity,  
Or looke you after dreames?

*Ore.* I am a wake.

And to send them to their eternall sleepe.  
In expedition there is still successe,

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

In all delays defect : the traytor dyes  
Were hee in league with all the destinies. *Exc. Pilad. Orest.*  
And tis a fruitfull yeare for villany,  
And I a thriving Farmer. In this interim  
I haue more plots on toote : King *Menelaws*  
I haue incenc'd against proud *Diomed*,  
*Pyrhus* against *Orestes*, hee 'gainst him,  
*Ulysses* without parrallell for wit  
Against them all: so that the first combustion  
Shall burne them vp to ashes. Oh *Palamides*,  
So deare was both thy loue and memory,  
Not *Hellen* by her whoredome caus'd more blood  
Streaming from Princes breasts, then *Cethus* shall  
( Brother ) for thine vntimely funerall. *Exit.*

*Enter Egistus, Clitemnestra with a strong guard.*

*Egist.* Let none presume to dare into our presence  
Or passe our guard, but such well knowne to vs  
and to our Queene.

*Guard.* The charge hath past vs round.

*Egist.* When finnes of such hye nature 'gainst vs rise,  
Tis fit wee should be kept with heedfull eyes.

*Cli.* Presume it my *Egistus*, we are safe,  
The Fort wherein we line impregnable :  
Or say we were surpris'd by stratagem,  
Or should expose our liues vnto the censure  
Of Law and Iustice, euen in these extreames  
There were not the least feare of difficulty.

*Egist.* Your reason Madam.

*Cli.* Whom doth this concerne  
But our owne blood? should *Pyrhus* grow inrag'd,  
I haue at hand my neece *Hermione*  
To calme his fury : what doth this belong to  
*Ulysses*, or *Atolian Diomed* ?  
Are they not strangers? If it come in question  
By *Menelaws*, is hee not our brother?

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

Our sister *Hellen* in his bosome sleeps,  
And can with him doe all things, feare not then,  
Wee are euery way secure.

*Egist.* Oh but *Orestes*  
His ey's to mee like lightning, and his arme  
Vp heau'd thus, shewes like *Iones* thunder-bolt  
Aym'd against lust and murder.

*Cli.* Hee's our sonne,  
The filiall duty that's hereditary  
Vnto a mothers name preuents these feares :  
*Electra's* young, and childish *Pilades*  
Swai'd by his friend : It rests, could we but worke  
*Hellen* and *Menelaus* to our faction,  
*Egistus* should be staid in *Mycene*,  
Wee liue his Queene and bride.

*Egist.* Feare's still suspicious.

*Enter one of the guard.*

*Guard.* A Letter fir.

*Egi.* From whence ?

*Guard.* Tis superscrib'd from the great *Spartae's* King,  
And the Queene *Hellen*.

*Egi.* Who the messenger ?

*Guard.* Two Gentlemen who much importune you  
For speedy answer.

*Egi.* Bidde them waite without,  
Now fates proue but propitious, then my kingdome  
I shall presume establish't.

*Cli.* There's no feare,  
*Orestes* once remoon'd, and that's my charge  
Either by sword or poyson.

*Egi.* See faire Queene,  
Reade what your brother writes, by this we are  
Eternis'd in our happinesse, and our liues  
Rooted in sweete security.

*Cli.* Wee not suspect you in our brothers death,  
A deede too base for any Noble brest.

*The Queene  
reades.*

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

Therefore in this necessity of state,  
And knowing in this forced vacancy  
So great a kingdome cannot want a guide.  
The soueraignty we thought good to conferre  
On *Clitemnestra*, or what substitute  
Shee in her best discretion shall thinke fit,  
The vnited Kings of *Greece* haue thus decreed.

*Your brother Menelaus.*

*Egist.* We are happied euer.

*Cl.* A ioy ratified,  
And subiect to no change.

*Egist.* Call in the messengers,  
*Orestes* and *Electra* once remoo'd,  
Wee haue no riuall, no competitor,  
Therefore no ieaiousie at all.

*Cl.* None, none.  
The gods haue with these Kings of *Greece* agreed  
In his supplanting and instating thee,  
Thee my most deare *Egistus*.

*On Aes and Pylades disguised are conducted in.*

*Egist.* You the men?

*Cre.* Those, whom the *Spartan* King made speciall choice of  
To trust this great affaire with.

*Egist.* And y'are welcome,  
But are you men of action: such I meane,  
As haue beene Souldiers bred, whose eyes inur'd  
To slaughter and combustions: at the like  
Would not change face, or tremble?

*Pil.* They that to see  
Legges, armes, and heads strowed on *Scamander* Plaine,  
Kings by the common souldiers stew'd in goare,  
And three parts hid with their imboweld Steedes,  
Shadowing their mangled bodies from the Sunne,



*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

As if about the earth to bury them :  
They that to see an *Asian* Potentate  
Kill'd at the holy Altar ; his owne blood  
Mixt with his sonnes and daughters, Towers demolisht  
Crushing whole thousands, of each sexe and age  
Beneath their ruines : and these horrid sights  
Lighted by scathe-fires, they that haue beheld  
These and more dreadful objects ; can their eyes  
Moue at a private slaughter ?

*Cl.* Y'are for vs,

Will you for hire, for fauour, or aduancement,  
(Now warres are done) to be made great in Court,  
And vndertake that one man easily spar'd  
Amongst so many millions (now pursuing)  
That such a creature, no way necessary  
But a meere burden to the world wee liue in,  
Hee might no longer liue ?

*Ore.* But name the man,

And as I loue *Egistus*, honour you  
And al that glory in such noble deeds.  
Be what hee will ; hee's lost.

*Egist.* *Orestes*, then ?

*Ore.* Is there none then the world so well may spare  
As young *Orestes* ? Hee to doe't ?

*Egist.* Vaine world farewell,

*Hee kills*

My hopes withall, no building long hath stood  
Whose sleight foundation hath bin layd in blood.

*Egistus, first  
discouering  
himselfe.*

*Cl.* I'll dye vpon his bosome.

*Ore.* Secure the Fort my deare friend *Pillades*,

And to your vtmost pacifie the guard :  
Te'll them we are *Orestes* and their Prince,  
And what wee did was to reuenge the death  
Of their dead Lord and Soueraigne.

*Pil.* Sir Ple doe't.

*Exit.*

*Cl.* Oh mee, that thinking to haue catcht at Heauen,

Am plung'd into an hell of misery.

*Egistus* dead ? what comfort can I haue,

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

One foote Inthron'd, the tother in the graue:

*Ore.* Can you finde teares for such an abiect **Groome**,  
That had not for an husband one to shed?

On monstrous, monstrous woman I is this carrion,  
Is this dead Dog, (Dog said I?) nay what's worse,  
Worthy the sigh or mourning of a **Queene**,  
When a King lies vnpittied?

*Cl.* Thou a sonne?

*Ore.* The name I am asham'd of: oh **Agamemnon**,  
How sacred is thy name and memory!  
Whose acts shall fill all forraigne **Chronicles**  
With admiration, and most happy hee  
That can with greatest Art but booke thy deeds:  
Yet whilst this rottenesse, this gangreen'd flesh  
Whose carkas is as odious as his name  
Shall stinking lie, able to breede a Pest,  
Hee with a **Princesse** teares to be imbaln'd,  
And a King lie neglected?

*Cl.* Bastard.

*Ore.* If I be,

Damn'd be the whore my Mother, I; I am sure  
Nor my dead father had no hand in it.

*Cl.* Oh that I could but lengthen out my yeares  
Onely to spend in curses.

*Ore.* Vpon whom?

*Cl.* On whom but thee for my **Egistus** death?

*Ore.* And I could wish my selfe a **Nestors** age  
To curse both him and thee for my dead father.

*Cl.* Doeſt thou accuse mee for thy fathers death?

*Ore.* Indecde'twould ill become me being a sonne,  
But were I sure it were so, then I durst;  
Nay, more then that, reuenge it.

*Cl.* Vpon mee?

*Ore.* Were all the mothers of the earth in one,  
All **Empresses** and **Queenes** cast in one mould,  
And I vnto that one a onely sonne,  
My sword should rauish that incestuous breast

*The Second Part of the Iron Age:*

Of nature, and of state.

*Cli.* I am as innocent of that blacke deede,  
As was this guiltlesse Gentleman here dead.

*Orest.* Oh all you powers of Heauen I inuocate,  
And if you will not heare me, let Hell do't:  
Giue me some signe from eyther feinds or angell,  
I call you both as testates.

*Enter the Ghost of Agamemnon, poynting vnto his wounds: and then to Egistus and the Queene, who were his murderers, which done, hee vanisheth.*

Godlike shape,  
Haue you (my father) left the Elizium fieldes,  
Where all the ancient Heroes liue in blisse,  
To bring your selfe that sacred testimony,  
To crowne my approbation: Lady see.

*Cli.* See what? thy former murder makes thee mad,  
*Orest.* Rest Ghost in peace, I now am satisfied,  
And neede no further witness: saw you nothing?

*Cli.* What should I see saue this sad spectacle,  
Which blood-shootes both mine eyes.

*Orest.* And nothing else?

*Cli.* Nothing.

*Orest.* Mine eyes are clearer sighted then, and see  
Into thy bosome. Murdresse.

*Cli.* How?

*Orest.* Incestuous strumpet, whose adulteries,  
When Treason could not hide, thou thoughts to couer,  
With most inhumane murder.

*Cli.* Meaning vs?

*Orest.* Then, monster, thou didst first instruct mine hand,  
How to write blood, when being a Wife and Queene,  
Thou kildst a King and husband, and hast taught  
Mee being a sonne, how to destroy a mother. *He wounds her.*

*Cli.* Oh most vnnaturall.

*Orest.* That I learnt of thee.

*Cli.* Vnheard of cruelty, but heauens are iust!

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

And all remarkable finnes punish with marke,  
One mischief still another doth beget,  
Adultery murder : I am lost, vndone. *Shee dyes.*

*Orest.* Being no wife, *Orestes* is no sonne.

*Enter Cethus and Pillades with the guard.*

*Pil.* The guard all stand for you, acknowledging

*Orestes* Prince and King.

*Orest.* I now am neither.

*Ceth.* What object's this? Queene *Clitemnestra* slaine?

*Pil.* I hope no sonnes hand in't

*Orest.* *Orestes* did it,

The other title's lost.

*Ceth.* All my plots take  
Beyond my apprehension.

*Pil.* This is an age

Of nothing but portents and prodigies.

*Orest.* The fathers hand as deepe was in her death  
As was the sonnes, hee pointed, and I strooke :  
Was hee not then as vnkind to a Wife,  
As I was to a Mother ?

*Pil.* Oh my friend,  
What haue you done ?

*Orest.* There is a *Plasma*, or deepe pit  
Iust in the Center fixt for Parricides,  
I'll keepe my Court there, and *Eriennis*, shee  
In stead of *Hebe*, shall attend my Cup,  
*Charon* the Ferri-man of Hell shall bee  
My *Ganimed*.

*Pil.* The Prince is sure distracted.

*Ceth.* New proiect still for me.

*Orest.* I'le haue a guard of Furies which shall light mee  
Vnto my nuptiall bed with funerall Teades,  
The fatall sisters shall my hand-maides bee,  
And waite vpon the faire *Hermione*.

*Ceth.* *Hermione*? shee is betroth'd to *Pyrhus*,  
And (mourning for your absence) all the way  
Vnto the Temple shee will strowe with teares.

*Orest.*

*The Second Part of the Iron Age*

*Orest.* Ha? *Pyrhus* rape my deare *Hermione*?  
He that shall dare to interpose my purpose,  
Or crosse mee in mine Hymineall rights,  
Ile make him lie as flat on the cold earth  
As doth this hound *Egistus*,

*Ceth.* And I would so.

*Orest.* Would? nay I will, his father woare a smocke,  
And in that shap rap't *Deiadamia*.  
Hee shall not vse my Loucso, oh my Mother;  
Friend take that object hence.

*Ceth.* But you *Hermione*,

*Orest.* My hand's yet deepe in blood, but to the wrist,  
It shall be to the elbowe: gods, nor men,  
Angels, nor Furies shall my rage withstand,  
Not the graue Honour of th' assembled Kings,  
Not Reuerence of the Altar, nor the Priest:  
No superstition shall my fury slay,  
Till *Pyrhus* from the earth be swept away, *Exit.*

*Ceth.* *Pillades* attend your friend.

*Pil.* Hee's all my charge,  
My life and his are twinnes.

*Ceth.* Their mines are countermin'd, *Cethus*, thy fall  
Is either plotted, or to blowe vp all. *Exit.*

*Enter Synon and Therfites.*

*Syn.* My head akes brother.

*Ther.* What a batchiler,  
And troubled with the *Spartan* Kings disease?

*Syn.* No, there's a wedding breeding in my braine,  
*Pyrhus* the Bride-groome: thou strange creature woman,  
To what may I compare thee?

*Ther.* Canst thou deuise ought bad enough?

*Syn.* Tis sayd they looke like Angels, and of light:  
But for the most part, such light Angels prooue,  
Ten hundred thousand of their honesties  
Will scarce weigh eleauen *Dragmaes*.

*Ther.* *Clitewestra*,

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

And *Hellen* for example.

*Syn.* Young *Hermione*

Hath face from both.

*Ther.* The sharpe shrewes nose, they hate hereditary.

*Syn.* *Thersites*, I commend that fellowes wit

Proffred a wife young, beautifull and rich,

Onely one fault she had, she wanted braine :

Who answered in a creature of that sexe,

I nere desire more wisdome, then to know

Her husbands bed from anothers.

*Ther.* I commend him,

But tis not in th' *Atrides* family,

To finde out such a womaa.

*An Altar set foorth, Enter Pyrrhus Leading  
Hermione as a bride, Menelaus, Vlisses, Diomed. A  
great trayne, Pyrrhus and Hermione kneele at the altar.*

*Syn.* See now the sacred nuptiall rights proceede,  
The Priests prepare the Alter.

*Pyr.* *Hymen* to whom my vowes I consecrate  
As all my loue. To thee *Hermione*,

Whom in the presence of these Argiue Kings,

I heare contract, be thou auspicious to vs :

This flaming substitute to *Saturnes* sonne,

Within whose sacred Temple wee are roofft,

And before all these high Celestiall gods

And goddesses, in whose eyes now we kneele :

Especially you *Iuno* Queene of marriage,

And faire *Lucina*, who haue child-births charge,

Your fauours I inuoeake : Let your chaste fires

Drye vp this Virgins teares ; make her so fruitesfull

That in her issue great *Achilles* name

And fame withall, may liue eternally.

Proceede Priest to your other Ceremonies?

*Enter Orestes, Cethés, and Pilades, with the  
guard, all their weapons drawne, Orestes runnes at  
Pyrrhus.*

*The Second Part of the Iron Age:*

*Orest.* Priam before the holy Alter fell,  
Before the Alter bid thy life farwell :  
Rescue *Hermione*.

*Pyr.* *Achilles* sonne  
Cannot reuengelesse dye, then witnesse all,  
Blood must flow high where such great Princes fall.

*Pil.* *Orestes* is in danger.

*Mene.* Saue Prince *Pyrhus*.

*Ceth.* This plot was layd  
Both for your life and Kingdome.

*Dio.* *Menelaus* : shall neuer beare it so.

*Vlys.* By *Thersites*,  
Thy sword against me.

*Ther.* Curse vpon all whoores.

*Cethus*  
whispers  
with *Diomed*.

*A confused scuffle, in which Orestes kills Pyrrhus : Pyrrhus, Orestes : Cethus wounds Pillades, Diomed, Menelaus, Vlisses, Thersites, &c. All fall dead saue Vlisses, who beareth thence Hermione : which done, Cethus riseth up from the dead bodies and speakes.*

*Ceth.* What all asleepe? and are these gossiping tongues,  
That boasted nought faue Warre and Victory,  
Now mute and silent? Oh thou vgly rogue,  
Where's now thy rayling? and thou parracide,  
Thy madnesse is now tam'd, thou need'st no chaines  
To bring thee to thy wits, darknesse hath don't.  
This *Diomed*? who dar'd to encounter *Mars*,  
And sayd to wound faire *Venus* in the hand :  
Where's your valour now? *Agiale*,  
Vnlesse (as some say) she be better stor'd,  
Is like to lye without a bed-fellow :  
Rise *Pillades*, and helpe to awake thy friend,  
What doth your friendship sleepe now? *Menelaus*  
*Hellen's* with a new sweete-heart in't next roome,  
Wilt thou be still a Cuckold? winke at errors  
As pandors do and wittoles? *Cethus* now

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

Be crown'd in Hystory for a reuenge,  
Which in the former World wants president :  
Methinks, as when the Giants warr'd 'gainst heauen,  
And dar'd for primacy with *Ioue* himselfe :  
Hee darting 'gainst their mountaine thunder-bolts,  
Which shattred them to peeces : the warre done,  
I like the great Olimpicke *Iupiter*,  
Walke ore my ruines, tread vpon my spoyles  
With maiesty, I pace vpon this floore  
Pau'd with the trunkes of Kings and Potentates,  
For what lesse could haue sated my reuenge?  
This arch-rogue false amongst them? he whose eies  
Had the preposterous vertue to fire *Troy*,  
Now is thy blacke foule for thy periuries  
Swimming in red damnation.

*Synon* who had before counterfeited death, riseth  
up, and answereth.

*Syn.* Sir, not yet,

All pollicies liue not in *Cethus* brayne,  
*Synon* hath share, and know if thou hast craft,  
I haue reseru'd some cunning : see my body  
Free and vntoucht from wounds.

*Ceth.* Speake, shall we then  
Diuide these dead betwixt vs, and both liue ?

*Syn.* If two Sunnes cannot shine within one spheare,  
Then why should two arch-villaines? thou hast discouered  
Projects almost beyond me, and for which  
I haue ingroft a mortall enuy here,  
I will be sole, or none.

*Ceth.* Cease then to be,  
That I may liue without Competitor.  
Cause *Synons* name be rac'd out of the World,  
And onely mine remembered.

*Syn.* Thine's but frailty,  
My fame shall be immortal ; made more glorious  
In treading vpon thee, as thou on these ;  
Scoop thou my Vnderling.

*Ceth.*



*The Second Part of the Iron Age:*

*Ceth.* I still shall stand  
Rooted.

*They fight, and  
kill one another.*

*Syn.* And yet cut downe by *Synons* hand.

*Ceth.* I now am dust like these.

*Syn.* One single fight  
Ends him, who millions ruin'd in one night.

*Enter Hellena, Electra, and Hermione.*

*Her.* Can you behold this slaughter?

*Hel.* Yes, and dye

At sight of it: for why should *Hellen* live?

*Hellen* the cause of all these Princes deaths;

Cease to lament, reach me my Glasse *Hermione*,

Sweete Orphant do; thy fathers dead already,

Nor will the fates lend thee a mother long.

*Enter Hermione with a looking glasse, then exit.*

Thanks, and so leaue me. Was this wrinkled fore-head

When 'twas at best, worth halfe so many liues?

Where is that beauty? liues it in this face

Which hath set two parts of the World at warre,

Beene ruine of the *Asian* Monarchy,

And almost this of *Europe*? this the beauty

That launch'd a thousand ships from *Aulis* gulfe?

In such a poore repurchase, now decayde?

See fayre ones, what a little Time can doe;

Who that considers when a seede is sowne,

How long it is ere it appeare from th'earth,

Then ere it stalke, and after ere it blade,

Next ere it spread in leaues, then bud. then flower:

What care in wating, and in weeding tooke,

Yet crop it to our vse: the beauties gone,

And smel: they scarce last betwixt Sunne and Sunne,

Then why should these my blastings still suruiue,

Such royall ruines: or I longer liue,

Then to be termed *Hellen* the beautifull.

I am growne old, and Death is ages due,

When Courtiers sooth, our glasses will tell true.

*The Second Part of the Iron Age.*

My beauty made me pittied, and still lou'd,  
But that decay'd, the worlds assured hate  
Is all my dowre, then *Hellen* yeeld to fate,  
Here's that, my soule and body must diuide,  
The guerdon of Adultery, Lust, and Pride.

*Shee Stran-  
gles her selfe*

*Enter Ulysses.*

*Vlyf.* In thee they are paultht; of all these Princes,  
And infinite numbers that opposed *Troy*,  
And came in *Hellens* quarrell (saue my selfe)  
Not one suruiues. (thanks to the immortall powers)  
And I am purposde now to acquire by Sea,  
My Kingdome and my deare *Penelope*,  
And since I am the man soly referu'd,  
Accept me for the Authors Epilogue.  
If hee haue beene two bloody tis the *Story*,  
Truth claimes excuse, and seekes no farther glory,  
Or if you thinke he hath done your patience wrong  
(In tedious Sceanes) by keeping you so long,  
Much matter in few words, hee bad me say  
Are hard to expresse, that lengthned out his Play.

*Explicit Actus quintus.*

*Here ends the whole History of the  
destruction of Troy.*

**FINIS.**





































